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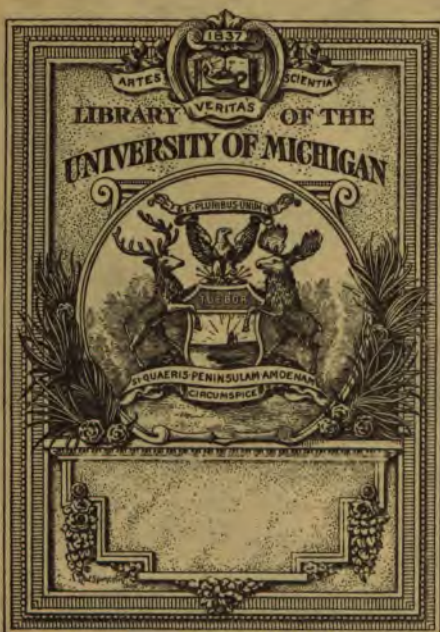
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THE
SPENSER ANTHOLOGY.

1548-1591 A.D.

BRIT. ANTH. III.

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

- I. THE DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY . . . 1401-1508 A.D.
- II. THE SURREY AND WYATT ANTHOLOGY 1509-1547 A.D.
- III. THE SPENSER ANTHOLOGY . . . 1548-1591 A.D.
- IV. THE SHAKESPEARE ANTHOLOGY . . 1592-1616 A.D.
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THE
SPENSER
ANTHOLOGY.

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1548-1591 A.D.

EDITED BY

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FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

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THE
SPENSER
ANTHOLOGY.

1548-1591 A.D.

It hath been, through all Ages, ever seen,
That with the praise of Arms and Chivalry,
The prize of Beauty still hath joinèd been;
And that for Reason's special privity.
For either doth, on other much rely.

For He, meseems, most fit the Fair to serve,
That can her best defend from villany;
And She most fit, his service doth deserve,
That fairest is; and from her faith will never swerve!

*THE TEMPTATION OF SIR GUYON,
BY MAMMON.*

VII.

AS pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a steadfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists, or cloudy tempests, have,
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
And covered heaven with hideous dreariment,
Upon his Card and Compass firms his eye,
The masters of his long experiment;
And to them does the steady helm apply,
Bidding his wingèd vessel fairly forward fly:

So GUYON, having lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that Idle Lake, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanied;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds
Of his own virtues and praiseworthy deeds.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found
Which Fame, of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes;
For still he travelled through wide wasteful ground,
That nought but desert wilderness showed all around.

Edmund Spenser.

At last, he came unto a gloomy glade,
Covered with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,
Where as he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, savage, and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hue, and foul ill-favoured sight.
His face with smoke was tanned, and eyes were bleared;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight.
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seared
In smith's fire-spitting forge; and nails, like claws appeared.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath envelopèd with gold;
Whose glist'ring gloss darkened with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have been, of old,
A work of rich entail and curious mould,
Woven with antics and wild imagery.
And in his lap, a mass of coin he told
And turnèd upsidown, to feed his eye
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent:
Of which some were rude ore, not purified
Of MULCIBER's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates, withouten moniment:
But most were stamped; and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of Kings and Kesars strange and rare.

Soon as he GUYON saw, in great affright
And haste he rose, for to remove aside
Those precious hills from stranger's envious sight;

Edmund Spenser.

And down them pourèd, through a hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.

But GUYON, lightly to him leaping, stayed
His hand, that trembled as one terrified:

And though himself were at the sight dismayed,
Yet him, perforce, restrained; and to him doubtful said.

‘What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art!)
That here in desert hast thine habittance;
And these rich hills of wealth dost hide apart
From the World’s eye, and from her right usance?’
Thereat, with staring eyes fixèd askance,

In great disdain, he answered, ‘Hardy Elf!
That darest view my direful countenance!

I read thee rash, and heedless of thyself,
To trouble my still seat, and heaps of precious pelf!

‘God of the World and worldlings I me call!
Great MAMMON! greatest God below the sky!

That, of my plenty, pour out unto all;
And unto none, my graces do envy!

Riches, Renown, and Principality,

Honour, Estate, and all this World’s good,
For which men swink and sweat incessantly,

Fro me do flow into an ample flood;
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

‘Wherefore if me thou deign to serve and sue;
At thy command, lo! all these mountains be!

Or if, to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All these may not suffice; there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numbered frank and free!’

‘MAMMON!’ said he, ‘thy Godhead’s vaunt is vain;

Edmund Spenser.

And idle offers of thy golden fee!
To them that covet such eye-glutting gain,
Proffer thy gifts; and fitter servants entertain!

'Me ill befits, that in der-doing Arms
And Honour's suit my vowèd days do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baits and pleasing charms
(With which weak men thou witchest!) to attend!
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And low abase the high heroic spright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend!
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright Arms be my delight!
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous Knight!'

'Vain-glorious Elf!' said he, 'dost not thou weet
That money can, thy wants at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and Arms, and all things for thee meet,
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;
And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply!
Do not I Kings create; and throw the crown
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie?
And him that reigned, into his room thrust down;
And, whom I lust, do heap with glory and renown?'

'All otherwise,' said he, 'I riches read;
And deem them root of all disquietness!
First got with guile, and then preserved with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness;
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness.
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise!
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetise;
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despise!

Edmund Spenser.

'Ne thine be kingdoms ; ne the sceptres thine !
But realms and rulers thou dost both confound ;
And loyal truth to treason dost incline !
Witness, the guiltless blood poured oft on ground !
The crownèd often slain ; the slayer crownèd !
The sacred diadem in pieces rent ;
And purple robe gored with many a wound !
Castles surprised ! great cities sacked and brènt !
So mak'st thou Kings ; and gainest wrongful government !

'Long were to tell, the troublous storms that toss
The private state ; and make the life unsweet !
Who swelling sails in Caspian Sea doth cross,
And in frail wood on Adrian Gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet !'
Then MAMMON, waxing wroth, 'And why then,' said,
'Are mortal men so fond and indiscreet,
So evil thing to seek unto their aid ?
And having not, complain ! and having it, upbraid !'

'Indeed,' quoth he, 'through foul intemperance,
Frail men are oft captived in covetise !
But would they think, with how small allowance
Untroubled Nature doth herself suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise ;
Which, with sad cares, impeach our native joys !
At the well-head, the purest streams arise ;
But mucky filth his branching arms annoys,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.

'The Antique World, in his first flow'ring youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace ;
But, with glad thanks and unprovèd truth,

Edmund Spenser.

The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace!
Like Angels' life was then Men's happy case.
But later Ages' pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abused her plenty and fat-swollen increase
To all licentious lust; and gan exceed
The measure of her mean, and natural first need.

'Then gan a cursèd hand, the quiet womb
Of his great grandmother, with steel to wound;
And the hid treasures in her sacred tomb,
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountains of gold and silver to abound;
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoons he did compound.
Then Avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames; and kindled life-devouring fire!'

'Son!' said he then, 'let be thy bitter scorn;
And leave the rudeness of [that] Antique Age
To them that lived therein in state forlorn!
Thou, that dost live in later Times, must wage
Thy works for wealth; and life for gold engage!
If then thee list my offered grace to use;
Take what thou please of all this surplusage!
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse;
But thing refusèd do not afterward accuse!'

'Me list not,' said the Elfin Knight, 'receive
Thing offered, till I know it well be got!
Ne wot I, but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightful owner, by unrighteous lot!
Or that blood-guiltiness, or guile, them blot!'
'Perdy!' quoth he, 'yet never eye did view,

Edmund Spenser.

Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not!
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From heaven's sight, and power of all which them pursue.'

'What secret place,' quoth he, 'can safely hold
So huge a mass; and hide from heaven's eye?
Or where hast thou thy won, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?'
'Come thou,' quoth he, 'and see!' So by-and-by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassèd around.

At length, they came into a larger space,
That stretched itself into an ample plain;
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to PLUTO's grisly reign.
By that way's side, there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one, in hand, an iron whip did strain,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life!

On th' other side, in one consort there sat
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite.
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie;
And Shame, his ugly face did hide from living eye.

Edmund Spenser.

And over them, sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings :
And after him, owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things ;
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings :
Whiles sad CELÆNO, sitting on a clift,
A Song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder could have rift ;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

All these before the Gates of PLUTO lay ;
By whom, they passing, spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder, all the way,
Did feed his eyes, and filled his inner thought.
At last, him to a little door he brought,
That to the Gate of Hell, which gapèd wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought.
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the House of Richesse from Hell Mouth divide.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should, unaware,
Break in ; and spoil the treasure there in guard.
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next ;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared.
Therefore his House is unto his annex.
Here Sleep, there Richesse; and Hell Gate them both betwixt.

So soon as MAMMON there arrived, the door
To him did open, and afforded way.
Him followed eke Sir GUYON evermore,

Edmund Spenser.

Ne darkness him, ne danger, might dismay.
Soon as he entered was, the door straightway
Did shut; and from behind it, forth there leapt
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,
The which, with monstrous stalk, behind him stept,
And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

Well hopèd he, ere long, that hardy guest
(If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
Or lips, he laid on thing that liked him best;
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,)
Should be his prey! And therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws;
Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces, with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.

That House's form within was rude and strong,
Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky clift;
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat:
And over them ARACHNE high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold:
But overgrown with dust and old decay;
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof. For view of cheerful day
Did never in that House itself display:
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,

Edmund Spenser.

Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away ;
Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
Does show to him, that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong ;
All barred with double bands, that none could ween
Them to efforce by violence, or wrong.
On every side, they placèd were along :
But all the ground with skulls were scatterèd
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung ;
Whose lives, it seemèd, whilom there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburièd.

They forward pass, ne GUYON yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an iron door ;
Which to them opened of his own accord,
And showed of richesse such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before !
Nor ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around ;
And that above, were added to that under, ground !

The charge thereof, unto a covetous Spright
Commanded was: who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited, day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend ;
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then MAMMON, turning to that Warrior, said,
'Lo! here the Worldès bliss! Lo! here the end
To which all men do aim—rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid!'

Edmund Spenser.

‘Certes!’ said he, ‘I will thine offered grace;
Ne to be made *so* happy do intend!
Another bliss before mine eyes I place!
Another happiness! another end!
To them that list, these base regards I lend!
But I, in Arms and in achievements brave
Do rather choose my flitting hours to spend;
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave!’

Thereat, the fiend, his gnashing teeth did grate;
And grieved, so long to lack his greedy prey:
For well he weened that so glorious bait
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay.
Had he so done; he had him snatched away
More light than culver in the falcon’s fist!
Eternal GOD thee save from such decay!
But when as MAMMON saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap un’wares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Unto another room; whose door forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught.
Therein a hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright.
By every furnace, many fiends did bide,
Deformèd creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gathered filling air;
And, with forced wind, the fuel did inflame.
Another did the dying brands repair

Edmund Spenser.

With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce VULCAN's rage to tame :
 Who, mastering them, renewed his former heat.
Some scummed the dross, that from the metal came.
 Some stirred the molten ore with ladles great :
And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
 Glist'ring in Arms and battailous array,
From their hot work, they did themselves withdraw
 To wonder at the sight : for, till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way.
 Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire,
And ugly shapes, did nigh the Man dismay ;
 That, were it not for shame, he would retire !
Till that him thus bespake their Sovereign Lord and Sire.

‘ Behold, thou Fairy's son ! with mortal eye,
 That living eye before did never see !
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
 To weet, Whence all the wealth, late showed by me,
Proceeded ? lo ! now is revealed to thee !
 Here is the Fountain of the World's good !
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
 Avisè thee well, and change thy wilful mood ;
Lest thou, perhaps, hereafter wish, and be withstood ! ’

‘ Suffice it then, thou Money God ! ’ quoth he,
 ‘ That all thine idle offers I refuse !
All that I need, I have ! What needeth me
 To covet more than I have cause to use ?
With such vain shows, thy worldlings vile abuse !
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise ! ’

Edmund Spenser.

MAMMON was much displeased ; yet no'te he choose,
But bear the rigour of his bold mesp[r]ise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

He brought him, through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad Gate all built of beaten gold.
The Gate was open ; but therein did wait
A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
As [if] the highest God defy he would !
In his right hand, an iron club he held ;
But he himself was all of golden mould :
Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
That cursèd weapon, when his cruel foes he quelled.

DISDAIN he callèd was ; and did disdain
To be so called, and who so did him call.
Stern was to look, and full of stomach vain,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' height of men terrestrial,
Like a huge giant of the TITANS' race ;
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
And with his pride, all others' power deface.
More fit, among black fiends than men to have his place.

Soon as those glitterand Arms he did espy,
That, with their brightness, made that darkness light,
His harmful club he gan to hurtle high,
And threaten battle to the Fairy Knight.
Who likewise gan himself to battle dight,
Till MAMMON did his hasty hand withhold ;
And counselled him abstain from perilous fight :
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortal steel impierce his miscreated mould !

Edmund Spenser.

So having him with reason pacified,
And the fierce carl commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
As it some Guild, or solemn Temple, were.
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain ;
And every pillar deckèd was full dear
With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal Princes wore, whiles they on earth did reign.

A rout of people there assemblèd were,
Of every sort and nation under sky ;
Which, with great uproar, pressèd to draw near
To th' upper part : where was avancèd high
A stately siege of sovereign majesty :
And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty ;
That never earthly Prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see.
Yet was not that same her own native hue,
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more Lovers unto her to call.
Nathless most heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall.
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak her crime withal.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinkèd well ;
Whose upper end to highest Heaven was knit.

Edmund Spenser.

And lower part did reach to lowest Hell :
And all that press did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chain ; thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel.
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty ;
And every link thereof, a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward ;
Some, by close shouldering ; some, by flattery ;
Others, through friends ; others, for base regard ;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepared.
Those that were up themselves, kept others low.
Those that were low themselves, held others hard ;
Ne suffered them to rise, or greater grow.
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Which when as GUYON saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that press about that Lady's throne ?
And what she was, that did so high aspire ?
Him MAMMON answered, 'That goodly one,
Whom all that folk, with such contention,
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is !
Honour and Dignity from her alone
Derivèd are ; and all this Worldès bliss,
For which ye men do strive : few get ; but many miss !

'And fair PHILOTIMÈ she rightly hight
The fairest wight that woneth under sky :
But that this darksome Nether World her light
Doth dim, with horror and deformity.
Worthy of Heaven and high felicity !
From whence, the Gods have, her for envy thrust.

Edmund Spenser.

But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy Spouse I will her make, if that thou lust!
That she may thee advance for works and merits just.'

'Gramercy! MAMMON!' said the gentle Knight,
'For so great grace and offered high estate;
But I, that am frail flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy Match for such immortal mate
Myself well wot, and mine unequal fate.
And were I not: yet is my troth yplight
And love avowed to other Lady, late,
That to remove the same I have no might.
To change love causeless is reproach to warlike Knight!'

MAMMON emmovèd was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence led
Through grisly shadows, by a beaten path,
Into a Garden goodly garnishèd
With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red.
Not such as Earth, out of her fruitful womb,
Throws forth to men, sweet and well savoured:
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb!

There, mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad;
Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise SOCRATES: who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life, and last philosophy,
To the fair CRITIAS, his dearest belamy.

Edmund Spenser.

The Garden of PROSERPINA this hight,
And, in the midst thereof, a Silver Seat ;

With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
In which she often used, from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.

Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothèd with leaves, that none the wood mote see ;
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glist'ring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold.
On earth, like never grew ; ne living wight
Like ever saw but they from hence were sold.
For those which HERCULES, with conquest bold,
Got from great ATLAS' daughters, hence began ;
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold.

And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift ATALANTA ; when, through craft, he her outran.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit
With which ACONTIUS got his Lover true ;
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit.
Here eke that famous Golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the Gods false ATÈ threw,
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partial PARIS dempt it VENUS' due ;
And had of her, fair HELEN for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elf much wondered at this tree
So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground ;
And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,

Edmund Spenser.

Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great Garden compassed with a mound ;
Which overhanging, they themselves did steep
In a black flood, which flowed about it round :
That is the river of Cocytus deep ;
In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the bank,
And, looking down, saw many damnèd wights
In those sad waves (which direful deadly stank)
Plungèd continually of cruel Sprights ;
That with their piteous cries and yelling shrights,
They made the further shore resounden wide.
Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
One cursèd creature he by chance espied,
That drenchèd lay full deep, under the Garden side.

Deep was he drenchèd to the upmost chin ;
Yet gapèd still, as coveting to drink
Of the cold liquor which he waded in,
And, stretching forth his hand, did often think
To reach the fruit, which grew upon the brink :
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did fly aback ; and made him vainly swink ;
The whiles he starved with hunger and with drouth.
He daily died ; yet never throughly dyen couth.

The Knight him seeing labour so in vain,
Asked, Who he was ? and What he meant thereby ?
Who, groaning deep, thus answered him again :
'Most cursèd of all creatures under sky !
Lo ! TANTALUS ! I here tormented lie !
Of whom, high JOVE wont whilom feasted be.

Edmund Spenser.

Lo! here I now, for want of food, do die!
But if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace, I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me!'

'Nay! Nay! thou greedy TANTALUS!' quoth he,
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate!
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'
Then gan the cursèd wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest JOVE and Gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly
As author of injustice, there to let him die.

He looked a little further, and espied
Another wretch, whose carcase deep was drent
Within the river, which the same did hide:
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent;
And fained to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were, for such intent:
But rather fouler seemèd to the eye;
So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

The Knight, him calling, askèd, Who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answered thus,
'I PILATE am, the falsest Judge, alas!
And most unjust! that, by unrighteous
And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of Life to die:
And did acquit a murd'rer felonous.
The whiles my hands I washed in purity,
The whiles my soul was soiled with foul iniquity.'

Edmund Spenser.

Infinite moe, tormented in like pain,
He there beheld—too long here to be told !
Ne MAMMON would there let him long remain ;
For terror of the tortures manifold,
In which the damnèd souls he did behold.
But roughly him bespake, ' Thou fearful fool !
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold ?
Ne sittest down on that same Silver Stool,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool ? '

All which he did, to do him deadly fall
In frail intemperance, through sinful bait ;
To which if he inclinèd had at all,
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
Would him have rent in thousand pieces straight !
But he was wary wise, in all his way,
And well perceivèd his deceitful sleight ;
Nor suffered lust his safety to betray.
So goodly did beguile the Guiler of his prey !

And now he has so long remainèd there
That vital powers gan wax both weak and wan
For want of food and sleep : which two upbear,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of Man ;
That none without the same endure can.
For now, three days of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprise began.
Forthy, great MAMMON fairly he besought,
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained t' obey.
For longer time than that, no living wight
Below the earth might suffered be to stay !

Edmund Spenser.

So back again him brought to living light.
But all so soon as his enfeebled spright
Gan suck this vital air into his breast,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest ;
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.

VIII.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly Spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is! Else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, O, th' exceeding grace
Of Highest GOD! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessèd Angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked Man! to serve his wicked foe!...

The Palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
To weet who called so importunely.
Again he heard a more efforcèd voice
That bade him come in haste! He by-and-by
His feeble step directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where MAMMON earst did sun his treasury.
There the good GUYON, he found slumb'ring fast
In senseless dream: which sight, at first, him sore aghast.

*HOW SIR SCUDAMOUR WAN THE LADY
AMORET TO HIS WIFE,
IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.*

X.

‘TRUE he it said, whatever man it said,
“That Love with gall and honey doth abound!”
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound!
That I, too true, by trial have approved.
For since the day that first, with deadly wound,
My heart was lanced, and learnèd to have loved,
I never joyèd hour; but still with care was moved!

‘And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evil which they meet
May nought at all their settled minds remove:
But seem, ’gainst common sense, to them most sweet,
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as nought, and tread down under feet;
Since of my Love, at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured!

Edmund Spenser.

'Long were to tell, the travail and long toil
Through which this Shield of Love I late have won;
And purchasèd this peerless Beauty's spoil.
That harder may be ended, than begun!
But since ye so desire; your will be done!
Then hark, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free!
My hard mishaps that ye may learn to shun!
For though sweet Love to conquer glorious be;
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee!

'What time the fame of this renownèd prize
Flew first abroad, and all men's ears possest;
I, having Arms then taken, gan advise
To win me honour by some noble gest;
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young men's thoughts are bold!)
That this same brave emprise for me did rest;
And that both Shield, and She whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

'So on that hard Adventure forth I went;
And to the place of peril shortly came.
That was a Temple fair and ancient,
Which of great mother VENUS bare the name;
And far renownèd through exceeding fame:
Much more than that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillars of the one were gilt;
And all the other's pavement were with ivory spilt.

'And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare;
And walled by Nature 'gainst invaders' wrong,

Edmund Spenser.

That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a Bridge, ybuilt in goodly wise,
With curious corbs and pendants graven fair;
And, archèd all with Porches, did arise
On stately pillars framed after the Doric guise.

'And for defence thereof, on th' other end
There reared was a Castle fair and strong,
That warded all which in, or out, did wend;
And flankèd both the Bridge's sides along,
'Gainst all that would it fain to force, or wrong:
And therein wonnèd twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tried in war's experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights,
By all means, to maintain that Castle's ancient rights.

'Before that Castle was an open plain,
And in the midst thereof a Pillar placed,
On which this Shield, of many sought in vain,
THE SHIELD OF LOVE, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hanged on high, with golden ribbands laced:
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchased,
BLESSÈD THE MAN THAT WELL CAN USE HIS BLISS;
WHOSE EVER BE THE SHIELD, FAIR AMORET BE HIS!

'Which when I read, my heart did inly [y]earn,
And pant with hope of that Adventure's hap;
Ne stayèd further news thereof to learn,
But, with my spear, upon the Shield did rap,
That all the Castle ringèd with the clap!
Straight forth issued a Knight, all armed to proof.

Edmund Spenser.

And bravely mounted to his most mishap ;
Who, staying naught to question from aloof,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glanced from his horse's hoof.

'Whom boldly I encountered, as I could ;
And, by good fortune, shortly him unseated.
Eftsoons outsprung two more of equal mould ;
But I them both with equal hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated ;
And left them groaning there upon the plain.
Then pressing to the Pillar, I repeated
The read thereof, for guerdon of my pain ;
And taking down the Shield, with me did it retain.

'So forth, without impediment, I past
Till to the Bridge's Utter Gate I came ;
The which I found sure locked and chained fast.
I knocked ; but no man answered me by name.
I called ; but no man answered to my claim.
Yet I persèvered still to knock and call
Till, at the last, I spied, within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a crevice small ;
To whom I called aloud, half angry therewithal.

'That was to weet, the Porter of the place ;
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent.
His name was DOUBT, that had a double face ;
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
Therein resembling JANUS ancient,
Which hath in charge the Ingate of the Year :
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some provèd peril he did fear ;
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appear.

Edmund Spenser.

'On th' one side, he: on th' other, sat DELAY
Behind the Gate, that none her might espy.
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay,
And entertain with her occasions sly;
Through which, some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might again.
And others, quite excluded forth, did lie
Long languishing there, in unpitied pain;
And seeking often entrance afterwards in vain.

'Me when as he had privily espied,
Bearing the Shield which I had conquered late;
He kenned it straight, and to me opened wide:
So in I passed, and straight he closed the Gate.
But, being in, DELAY, in close await,
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steal, the treasure of Man's day;
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may!

'But, by no means, my way I would forslow,
For aught that ever she could do, or say!
But, from my lofty steed dismounting low,
Passed forth on foot: beholding all the way
The goodly works, and stones of rich assay
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth nowhere I reckon may;
And, underneath, the river rolling still
With murmur soft, that seemed to serve the workman's will.

'Thence forth I passèd to the Second Gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.

Edmund Spenser.

The same to all stood always open wide :
But in the Porch did evermore abide
A hideous Giant, dreadful to behold,
That stopped the entrance with his spacious stride ;
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else fain enter would.

‘His name was DANGER, dreaded over all ;
Who, day and night, did watch and duly ward
From fearful cowards entrance to forestall ;
And faint-heart fools, whom show of peril hard
Could terrify from Fortune’s fair award.
For, oftentimes, faint hearts, at first espial
Of his grim face, were from approaching scared.
Unworthy they of grace, whom one denial
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further trial !

‘Yet many doughty warriors, often tried
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternness of his look abide :
But, soon as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some others that, in hard assays,
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such-like ways,
Crept in, by stooping low, or stealing of the keys.

‘But I (though meanest man of many moe ;
Yet, much disdainung unto him to lout,
Or creep between his legs, so in to go)
Resolved him to assault, with manhood stout ;
And either beat him in, or drive him out !
Eftsoons, advancing that enchanted Shield,

Edmund Spenser.

With all my might, I gan to lay about!
Which when he saw, the glave which he did wield
He gan forthwith t' avale: and way unto me yield.

'So, as I entered, I did backward look,
For fear of harm that might lie hidden there,
And lo! his hind parts, whereof heed I took,
Much more deformèd fearful ugly were,
Than all his former parts did earst appear.
For Hatred, Murder, Treason, and Despite,
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the wareless wight,
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

'Thus, having passed all peril, I was come
Within the compass of that Island's space,
The which did seem, unto my simple doom,
The only pleasant and delightful place
That ever trodden was of footing's trace.
For all that Nature, by her mother-wit,
Could frame in earth, and form of substance base,
Was there: and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Nature's part, supplièd it.

'No tree, that is of count, in greenwood grows,
From lowest juniper to cedar tall;
No flower in field, that dainty odour throws,
And decks his branch with blossoms over all;
But there was planted, or grew natural:
Nor sense of Man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itself withal.
Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
But there it present was; and did frail sense entice.

Edmund Spenser.

'In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seemed a second Paradise to guess!
So lavishly enriched with Nature's treasure,
That if the happy souls, which do possess
Th' Elysian Fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this, with living eye to see;
They soon would loathe their lesser happiness,
And wish to life returned again to be,
That in this joyous place, they mote have joyance free.

'Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Fair lawns, to take the sun, in season due;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft-rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disloigned from common gaze;
Delightful bowers, to solace Lovers true;
False labyrinths, fond runners' eyes to daze:
All which, by Nature made, did Nature's self amaze.

'And all without were walks and alleys dight
With divers trees enranged in even ranks;
And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
And shady seats, and sundry flow'ring banks,
To sit, and rest the walkers' weary shanks.
And therein thousand pairs of Lovers walked,
Praising their God; and yielding him great thanks:
Ne ever aught but of their true loves talked;
Ne ever for rebuke, or blame, of any balked.

'All these together, by themselves did sport
Their spotless pleasures, and sweet love's content.
But, far away from these, another sort

Edmund Spenser.

Of Lovers linkèd in true hearts' consent
Which lovèd not as these, for like intent ;
But on chaste virtue groundèd their desire,
Far from all fraud, or feignèd blandishment ;
Which in their spirits' kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.

'Such were great HERCULES, and HYLAS dear ;
True JONATHAN, and DAVID trusty tried ;
Stout THESEUS, and PIRITHOUS his fere ;
PYLADES, and ORESTES by his side ;
Mild TITUS, and GESIPPUS without pride ;
DAMON, and PYTHIAS, whom death could not sever :
All these, and all that ever had been tied
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever !
Whose lives although decayed ; yet loves decayèd never !

'Which when as I, that never tasted bliss
Nor happy hour, beheld with gazeful eye,
I thought there was none other heaven than this ;
And gan their endless happiness envÿ !
That, being free from fear and jealousy,
Might frankly there, their love's desire possess :
Whilst I, through pains and per'lous jeopardy,
Was forced to seek my life's dear Patroness !
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distress !

'Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold ; but that forthright
Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
Where as my Love was lodgèd day and night.
The Temple of great VENUS, that is hight
The Queen of Beauty, and of LOVE the mother,

Edmund Spenser.

There worshipp'd of every living wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship far passed all other
That ever were on earth ; all were they set together.

Not that same famous Temple of DIANE
Whose height, all Ephesus did oversee ;
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,
One of the World's Seven Wonders said to be,
Might match with this, by many a degree !
Nor that, which that wise King of Jewry framed,
With endless cost, to be th' Almighty's see !
Nor all that else, through all the world is named
To the heathen Gods, might like to this be claimed !

He much admiring that so goodly frame,
Toward the Porch approached, which open stood :
There he beheld sat an amiable Dame,
That seemed to be of very sober mood ;
And on her semblant shewed great womanhood.
Her age was her 'tire ! For on her head a crown
Of gold and ivory, much like unto a Danish hood,
Was powdered with pearl and stone ; and all her gown
Was set with gold, that raught full low adown.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both well armed, as fearing one another :
And were they brethren both, of half the blood,
Born by two fathers of one mother,
Of contrary natures, each to other.
The one of them hight LOVE ; the other, HATE.
The elder was LOVE, the younger, brother.
And was the younger stronger in his state
Than the elder, and him mastered still in all debate.

Edmund Spenser.

'Nathless that Dame so well them tempered both,
That she them forcèd hand to join in hand:

Albe that HATRED was thereto full loth;
And turned his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.

Yet she was of such grace and virtuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand;

But bit his lip, for felonous despite,
And gnashed his iron tusks at that displeasing sight,

'CONCORD, she clepèd was in common reede,
Mother of blessèd Peace and Friendship true.

They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did shew.

For Strength, and Wealth, and Happiness she lends;
And Strife, and War, and Anger does subdue.

Of little, much; of foes, she maketh friends;
And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her, the heaven is in his course contained;

And all the world, in state unmovèd stands,

As their Almighty Maker first ordained,

And bound them with inviolable bands:

Else would the waters overflow the lands,

And fire devour the air, and Hell them quite;

But that she holds them with her blessèd hands.

She is the Nurse of Pleasure and Delight;

And unto VENUS' grace, the gate doth open right.

By her, I, ent'ring, half dismayèd was.

But she in gentle wise me entertained,

And 'twixt herself and LOVE did let me pass:

Edmund Spenser.

But HATRED would my entrance have restrained,
And, with his club, me threatened to have brained;
Had not the Lady, with her powerful speech;
Him from his wicked will uneath refrained.
And th' other eke his malice did impeach,
Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

'Into the inmost Temple thus I came;
Which fuming all with frankincense I found,
And odours rising from the altars' flame.
Upon a hundred marble pillars round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground;
All decked with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
And thousand precious gifts, worth many a pound,
The which sad Lovers, for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strowed with flowers as fresh as May.

'A hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire;
That, with the steam thereof, the Temple sweat;
Which, rolled in clouds, to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore True Lovers' vows entire.
And eke a hundred brazen caldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire;
Every of which was to a Damsel hight,
For all the Priests were Damsels, in soft linen dight.

'Right in the midst, the Goddess' self did stand
Upon an altar of some costly mass,
Whose substance was uneath to understand;
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mould'ring clay it was;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,

Edmund Spenser.

Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass ;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem,
But being fair and briclike, likest glass did seem.

‘But it in shape and beauty did excel
All other Idols, which the heathen adore :
Far passing that which, by surpassing skill,
PHIDIAS did make in Paphos isle, of yore ;
With which, that wretched Greek, that life forlore,
Did fall in love ! Yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veil afore ;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combined. . . .

‘And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little Loves, and Sports, and Joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue :
Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial boys ;
But like to Angels playing heavenly toys,
The whilst their eldest brother was away.
CUPID, their eldest brother. He enjoys
The wide Kingdom of Love with lordly sway ;
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

‘And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of Lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss ; some of their love’s delay ;
Some of their pride ; some, paragons’ disdain ;
Some fearing fraud ; some fraudulently feigning ;
As every one had cause of good, or ill.
Amongst the rest, some one, through love’s constraining,
Tormented sore, could not contain it still ;
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill.

Edmund Spenser.

“Great VENUS! Queen of Beauty and of Grace!
The Joy of Gods and men! that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;
That, with thy smiling look, dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly;
Thee, Goddess! thee, the winds, the clouds, do fear!
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheer.

“Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee,
Out of her fruitful lap, abundant flowers;
And then all living wights, soon as they see
The Spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,
They all do learn to play the paramours.
First, do the merry birds, thy pretty Pages!
Privily pricked with thy lustful powers,
Chirp loud to thee, out of their leafy cages;
And thee, their mother, call, to cool their kindly rages.

“So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair;
Ne aught on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne aught on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare!
Thou art the root of all that joyous is!
Great God of men and women! Queen of th' Air!
Mother of Laughter! and Well-spring of Bliss!
O, grant that, of my Love, at last, I may not miss!”

‘So did he say. But I, with murmur soft,
That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
Yet, inly groaning deep, and sighing oft,

Edmund Spenser.

Besought her to grant ease unto my smart;
And to my wound her gracious help impart!
Whilst thus I spake, behold! with happy eye,
I spied where, at the Idol's feet apart,
A bevy of fair Damsels close did lie;
Waiting when as the Anthem should be sung on high.

'The first of them did seem of riper years
And graver countenance than all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers;
Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
Her name was WOMANHOOD. That, she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanour wise.
For steadfast still her eyes did fixed rest;
Ne roved at random, after gazers' guise,
Whose luring baits oftentimes do heedless hearts entice.

'And next to her sat goodly SHAMEFASTNESS;
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
Ne ever once did look up from her desse;
As if some blame of evil she did fear,
That in her cheeks made roses oft appear.
And her against, sweet CHEERFULNESS was placed;
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
Were decked with smiles, that all sad humours chased,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

'And next to her, sat sober MODESTY,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart:
And her against sat comely COURTESY,
That unto every person knew her part:
And her before, were seated overthwart
Soft SILENCE and submisse OBEDIENCE,

Edmund Spenser.

Both linked together, never to dispart ;
Both gifts of GOD, not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints, against their foes' offence.

'Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a goodly Maid,
Even in the lap of WOMANHOOD, there sat ;
The which was all in lily white arrayed
With silver streams amongst the linen strayed,
Like to the Morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed.
That same was fairest AMORET in place,
Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's grace.

'Whom soon as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be done.
For Sacrilege, meseemed, the Church to rob :
And Folly seemed, to leave the thing undone,
Which, with so strong attempt, I had begun !
Tho (shaking off all doubt and shamefast fear,
Which Lady's love, I heard, had never won,
'Mongst men of worth !) I to her steppèd near ;
And by the lily hand, her laboured up to rear.

'Thereat, that foremost Matron me did blame
And sharp rebuke, for being overbold ;
Saying, "It was to Knight unseemly shame,
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto VENUS' services was sold !"
To whom I thus, "Nay ! but it fitteth best
For CUPID's Man with VENUS' Maid to hold !
For ill your Goddess' services are drest
By Virgins ; and her sacrifices let to rest !"

Edmund Spenser.

‘ With that, my Shield I forth to her did show,
Which, all that while, I closely had concealed :
On which when CUPID with his killing bow
And cruel shafts emblazoned she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror quelled ;
And said no more. But I, which, all that while,
The pledge of faith, her hand engagèd, held,
Like wary hind within the weedy soil,
For no intreaty, would forgo so glorious spoil !

‘ And evermore upon the Goddess’ face
Mine eye was fixed, for fear of her offence.
Whom when I saw, with amiable grace,
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence ;
I was emboldened with more confidence :
And nought, for niceness, nor for envy, sparing,
In presence of them all, forth led her thence ;
All looking on, and, like astonished, staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

‘ She often prayed, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender tears, to let her go !
Sometime with witching smiles ; but yet for nought
That ever she, to me could say, or do,
Could she her wished freedom from me woo :
But forth I led her through the Temple Gate,
By which I hardly passed, with much ado,
But that same Lady, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retreat.

Edmund Spenser.

'No less did DANGER threaten me with dread,
When as he saw me, maugre all his power,
That glorious spoil of Beauty with me lead,
Than Cerberus, when ORPHEUS did reco'er
His Lemman from the Stygian Prince's bower:

But evermore my Shield did me defend
Against the storm of every dreadful stour.

Thus safely, with my Love, I thence did wend.'
So ended he his Tale; where I this Canto end.

*THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.*

APRIL.

THE NOT. HOBBINOL.

THE. TELL me, good HOBBINOL! what gars thee greet?
What! hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy bagpipe broke? that sounds so sweet!
Or art thou of thy lovèd Lass forlorn?
Or bene thine eyes attemperèd to the year,
Quenching the gasping furrows' thirst with rain?
Like April shower, so stream the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirsty pain.

HOB. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn;
But for the Lad, whom long I loved so dear,
Now loves a Lass, that all his love doth scorn.
He, plunged in pain, his tressèd locks doth tear.
Shepherd's delights, he doth them all forswear.
His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke; and doth forbear
His wonted Songs, wherein he all outwent.

Edmund Spenser.

THE. What is he for a Lad, you so lament?
Is Love such pinching pain to them that
 prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent;
 Yet hath so little skill to bridle Love?

HOB. COLIN, thou ken'st! the southern Shepherd's Boy,
 Him LOVE hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilom on him was all my care and joy,
 Forcing, with gifts, to win his wanton heart:
But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the Widow's daughter of the Glen.
 So now fair ROSALIND hath bred his smart!
 So now his friend is changèd for a frenne!

THE. But if his Ditties bene so trimly dight;
 I pray thee, HOBBINOL! record some one!
The whiles our flocks do graze about in sight,
 And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

HOB. Contented, I! Then will I sing his Lay
 Of fair ELISA, Queen of Shepherds all;
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay;
 And tunèd it unto the waters' fall.

Edmund Spenser.

‘Ye dainty Nymphs! that in this blessed brook
Do bathe your breast,
Forsake your wat’ry bowers, and hither look,
At my request!
And eke you Virgins! that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learnèd Well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise;
Which, in her sex doth all excel!

‘Of fair ELISA be your silver Song!
That blessed wight!
The flower of Virgins! may she flourish long
In princely plight!
For she is SYRINX’ daughter, without spot;
Which PAN, the Shepherds’ God, of her begot.
So sprang her grace
Of heavenly race!
No mortal blemish may her blot!

‘See, where she sits upon the grassy green,
(O, seemly sight!)
Yclad in scarlet, like a Maiden Queen,
And ermines white;
Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With damask roses and daffadillies set,
Bay leaves between,
And primroses green
Embellish the sweet violet.

Edmund Spenser.

'Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
Like PHOEBE fair?
Her heavenly 'haviour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The red rose meddled with the white yfere
In either cheek depeincten lively cheer!
Her modest eye,
Her majesty,
Where have you seen the like, but there?

'I saw PHOEBUS thrust out his golden head,
Upon her to gaze;
But when he saw how broad her beams did spread,
It did him amaze!
He blushed to see another sun below;
Ne durst again his fiery face out show!
Let him, if he dare!
His brightness compare
With hers, to have the overthrow.

'Shew thyself, CYNTHIA! with thy silver rays,
And be not abashed!
When she the beams of her beauty displays;
O, how art thou dashed!
But I will not match her with LATONA's seed!
Such folly, great sorrow to NIOBE did breed!
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily moan;
Warning all others to take heed.

Edmund Spenser.

'PAN may be proud that ever he begot
Such a bellibone;
And SYRINX rejoice, that ever was her lot
To bear such a one!
Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk-white lamb!
She is my Goddess plain;
And I, her Shepherd's Swain!
Albe forswonk and forswat I am.

'I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,
Where my Goddess shines;
And after her, the other Muses trace,
With their violins.
Bene they not bay branches, which they do bear?
All for ELISA, in her hand to wear!
So sweetly they play
And sing, all the way,
That it a Heaven is to hear!

'Lo! how finely the Graces can it foot
To the instrument!
They dancen deftly, and singen soot,
In their merriment. [even?
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance
Let that room to my Lady be given!
She shall be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place;
And reign with the rest in Heaven!

Edmund Spenser.

'And whither runs this bevy of Ladies bright,
Ranged in a row?
They bene all Ladies of the Lake behight,
That unto her go!
CHLORIS, that is the chieftest Nymph of all,
Of olive branches bears a coronal.
Olives bene for peace,
When wars do surcease;
Such for a Princess bene principal!

'Ye Shepherds' daughters, that dwell on the Green,
Hie you there apace!
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
To adorn her Grace!
And when you come where as she is in place,
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace!
Bind your fillets fast!
And gird in your waist,
For more fineness, with a tawdry lace!

'Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gillyflowers!
Bring coronations and sops-in-wine;
Worn of paramours!
Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and lovèd lilies!
The pretty paunce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flower delice!

Edmund Spenser.

‘Now, rise up, ELISA! decked as thou art,
In royal array!
And now, ye dainty damsels may depart
Each one her way!
I fear, I have troubled your troops too long!
Let Dame ELISA thank you, for her Song!
And if you come hither,
When damsons I gather
I will part them all you among!’

THE. And was this same Song of COLIN’s own making?
Ah! foolish boy! that is with Love yblent!
Great pity is, he be in such taking!
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.

HOB. Sicker, I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchase!
But let us homeward! for night draweth on;
And twinkling stars, the daylight hence chase.

THENOT’S EMBLEM.

O, quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOL’S EMBLEM.

O, Dea certe!

SONGS FROM THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY.

'ROISTER DOISTER.'

ACTED BEFORE 1553.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE.

He entereth singing.

'As long liveth the merry man,' they say
'As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day;'
Yet the grasshopper, for all his summer piping,
Starveth in winter with hungry griping.
Therefore another said saw doth men advise,
'That they be together both merry and wise.'

This lesson must I practise, or else ere long
With me, MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE, it will be wrong !
Indeed, men so call me ! For, by him that us bought !
Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought !
Yet wisdom would that I did myself bethink
Where to be provided, this day, of meat and drink !
For know ye, that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose me now, that should ask, Where I dine ?

My living lieth here and there, of GOD's grace !
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place.
Sometime LEWIS LOIT'RER biddeth me come near.
Somewhiles WATKIN WASTER makes us good cheer.
Sometime DAVY DICEPLAYER, when he hath well cast,

Keepeth revel rout, as long as it will last.
Sometime TOM TITIVILLE maketh us a feast.
Sometime with sir [*Rev.*] HUGH PYE I am a bidden guest.
Sometime at NICHOL NEVERTHRIVE'S I get a sop.
Sometime I am feasted with BRIAN BLINKINSOP.
Sometime I hang on HANKIN HODDYDODDY'S sleeve :
But, this day, on RALPH ROISTER DOISTER'S, by his leave!

For, truly, of all men, he is my chief banker,
Both for meat and money ; and my chief shoetanker.
For soothe ROISTER DOISTER in that he doth say ;
And require what ye will, ye shall have no 'Nay!'

But now of ROISTER DOISTER somewhat to express,
That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
Is not the like stock whereon to graff a lout!

All the day long, is he facing and craking
Of his great acts in fighting and fraymaking :
But when ROISTER DOISTER is put to his proof ;
To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof!

If any woman smile, or cast on him an eye ;
Up is he to the hard ears in love by-and-by!
And, in all the hot haste, must she be his Wife ;
Else farewell, his good days! and farewell, his life!
Master RALPH ROISTER DOISTER is but dead and gone ;
Except she on him take some compassion!

Then chief of counsel must be MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE!
'What if I, for marriage to such a one seek?'
Then must I soothe it, whatever it is!
For what he saith, or doth, cannot be amiss! [son']
Hold up his 'Yea!' and 'Nay!'; be his 'nowne white

Praise and rouse him well; and ye have his heart won!
For so well liketh he his own fond fashions;
That he taketh pride of false commendations!

But such sport have I with him, as I would not leese,
Though I should be bound to live with bread and cheese!
For exalt him! and have him as ye lust indeed;
Yea! to hold his finger in a hole, for a need!
I can, with a word, make him fain, or loth!
I can, with as much, make him pleased, or wroth!
I can, when I will, make him merry and glad!
I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad!
I can set him in hope; and eke in despair!
I can make him speak rough, and make him speak fair!

But I marvel I see him not, all this same day!
I will seek him out! But, lo! he cometh this way!
I have yond espied him sadly coming;
And in love, for twenty pound! by his glumming!

SONGS.

WHOSO to marry a minion Wife
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life;
And dandle her in his lap!

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she lust to do, or to say,
Must let her have her own will!

Nicholas Udall.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must shew her all his mind!
None of his counsel she may be kept free,
Else is he a man unkind!

I MUN be married a Sunday!
I mun be married a Sunday!
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday!

ROISTER DOISTER is my name!
ROISTER DOISTER is my name!
A lusty brute I am the same!
I mun be married a Sunday! &c.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE have I found!
CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE have I found!
A Widow worth a thousand pound!
I mun be married a Sunday! &c.

CUSTANCE is as sweet as honey!
CUSTANCE is as sweet as honey!
I, her lamb; and she, my coney!
I mun be married a Sunday! &c.

When we shall make our Wedding Feast;
When we shall make our Wedding Feast;
There shall be cheer for man and beast!
I mun be married a Sunday! &c.

Placebo dilexi.

MASTER ROISTER DOISTER will straight go home and die....

Thus you see, To-day a man; to-morrow, none!

Yet, saving for a woman's extreme cruelty,
He might have lived yet a month, or two, or three!
But in spite of CUSTANCE, which hath him wearied;
His Maship shall be worshipfully buried!
And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his Funerals let us here begin!

Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave!
Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum clink.
Never Gent'man so went toward Heaven, I think!

Yet, Sirs! as ye will the bliss of Heaven win,
When he cometh to the grave, lay him softly in!
And all men take heed, by this one Gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman!
For these women be all such mad peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves!
But, in faith! CUSTANCE, if ever ye come in Hell;
Master ROISTER DOISTER shall serve you as well!
Good-night, ROGER, old knave! Farewell, ROGER, old
knave!

Good-night, ROGER, old knave! knave! knap!

Nequando. Audivi vocem. Requiem æternam.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY

[*QUEEN MARY*].

GIVE place, you Ladies! and be gone!
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain you all!

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone!
I wish to have none other books
To read, or look upon!

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy!
It would you all in heart suffice
To see those lamps of joy!

I think Nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

John Heywood.

She may be well compared
Unto the Phœnix kind ;
Whose like was never seen, or heard,
That any man can find.

In life, she is DIANA chaste ;
In troth, PENELOPE :
In word and eke in deed steadfast.
'What will you more?' we say.

If all the World were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More redier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At BACCHUS' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play :
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

John Heywood.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefastness.
All vice she doth wholly refuse;
And hateth idleness!

O, LORD! it is a world to see
How Virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty;
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly, she doth as far exceed
Our women nowadays;
As doth the gillyflower, a weed!
And more, a thousand ways!

How might I do, to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree!
For all the rest are plain but chaff;
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give!
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of Man!

A PRAISE OF MISTRESS RICE.

I HEARD when FAME, with thund'ring voice, did summon to appear
The chief of Nature's children, all that kind hath placèd here,
To view what bruit by virtue got, their lives could justly crave,
And bade them shew, What praise, by truth, they worthy were to have!

Wherewith I saw, how VENUS came, and put herself in place ;
And gave her Ladies leave at large to stand and plead their case.
Each one was called by name a row, in that Assembly there,
That hence are gone ; or here remains in Court, or elsewhere.
A solemn silence was proclaimed. The judges sat and heard
What Truth could tell, or Craft could feign, and who should be
preferred.

Then BEAUTY stepped before the Bar, whose breast and neck
were bare ;
With hair trussed up, and on her head a caul of gold she ware.
Thus CUPID's thralls began to flock, whose hungry eyes did say,
That she had stained all the Dames that present were that day.
For ere she spake with whispering words, the press was filled through-
And FANCY forcèd common voice thereat to give a shout : [out ;
Which cried to FAME, 'Take forth thy trump ; and sound her praise
on high,
That glads the heart of every wight, that her beholds with eye !'

'What stir and rule,' quod ORDER then, 'do these rude people
We hold her best, that shall deserve a praise for virtue's sake !' [make !

This sentence was no sooner said, but BEAUTY therewith blushed.
The audience ceased with the same, and everything was hushed.

Anonymous.

Then FINENESS thought, by training talk, to win that BEAUTY lost ;
And whet her tongue with jolly words ; and spared for no cost.
Yet WANTONNESS could not abide ; but brake her tale in haste :
And peevish PRIDE, for peacock's plumes, would needs be highest
placed.
And therewithal came CURIOUSNESS, and carpèd out of frame.
The audience laughed to hear the strife, as they beheld the same.

Yet REASON soon appeased the bruit ; her reverence made and done,
She purchased favour for to speak, and thus her tale begun.

'O, happy judges ! call for her, for she deserves the same,
Where temperance governs Beauty's flowers ; and glory is not sought :
And shamefast meekness mast'reth pride, and virtue dwells in thought.
Bid her come forth, and show her face ! or else assent each one,
That True Report shall grave her name in gold, or marble stone ;
For all the World to read at will, what worthiness doth rest
In perfect pure unspotted life, which she hath here possest.'

Then SKILL rose up, and sought the press, to find, if that he might,
A person of such honest name, that men would praise of right.
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink herself aside ;
Whose sober looks did show what gifts her wifely grace did hide.

'Lo ! here,' quod SKILL, 'good people all ! is LUCRECE left alive ;
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did strive !'

No longer FAME could hold her peace ; but blew a blast so high,
That made an echo in the air, and sounding through the sky.
The voice was loud, and thus it said, 'Come, rise with happy days !
Thy honest life hath won thee fame ; and crownèd thee with praise !'

And when I heard my Mistress' name, I thrust amidst the throng,
And clapped my hands ; and wished of GOD, that she might prosper
long !

THE smoky sighs, the bitter tears,
That I, in vain, have wasted ;
The broken sleeps, the woe and fears
That long in me have lasted ;
The love and all I owe to thee ;
Here I renounce, and make me free !

Which freedom I have by thy guilt,
And not by my deserving ;
Since so unconstantly thou wilt
Not love, but still be swerving ;
To leave me oft, which was thine own,
Without cause Why, as shall be known !

The fruits were fair, the which did grow
Within thy garden planted ;
The leaves were green of every bough,
And moisture nothing wanted :
Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar wasted all !

Thy body was the garden place,
And sugared words it beareth ;
The blossom all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth ;
The caterpillar is the same
That hath won thee, and lost thy name !

Anonymous.

I mean thy Lover lovèd now
By thy pretended folly;
Which will prove like, thou shalt find how!
Unto a tree of holly:
That bark and berry bears always,
The one, birds feeds; the other, slays!

And right well, mightst thou have thy wish
Of thy Love new acquainted;
For thou art like unto the dish
That ADRIANUS painted;
Wherein were grapes portrayed so fair
That fowls, for food did there repair.

But I am like the beaten fowl,
That from the net escapèd;
And thou art like the ravening owl,
That, all the night, hath wakèd
For none intent, but to betray
The sleeping fowl before the day.

Thus hath thy love been unto me
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fire made on the sea
By NAUPL'US' hate so odious;
Therewith to train the Greekish host
From Troy's return, where they were lost.

A FUNERAL SONG,

UPON THE DECEASE OF ANNES HIS MOTHER.

YEA, and a good cause, why thus should I plain!
For what is he can quietly sustain
So great a grief, with mouth as still as stone!
My love! my life! of joy my jewel is gone!

This hearty zeal, if any wight disprove,
As woman's work, whom feeble mind doth move;
He neither knows the mighty Nature's laws;
Nor touching elders' deeds hath seen old saws!

MARTIUS, to vanquish Rome was set on fire;
But vanquished fell, at mother's boon, his ire.
Into Hesperian land SERTORIUS fled,
Of parent aye chief care had in his head.
Dear weight on shoulders Sicil brethren bore;
While Etna's giant spouted flames full sore.
Not more of TYNDAR's imps hath Sparta spoke,
Than Arge of chargèd necks with parents' yoke.

Nor only them thus did fore-time entreat;
Then was the Nurse also in honour great!
CAIET' the Phrygian, from amid fire flame
Rescued, who gave to Latin strands the name.
ACCA, in double sense LUPA ycleped,
To Roman Calendars a feast hath heaped.
His Capra, JOVE among the stars hath pight
In welkin clear, yet lo! she shineth bright!
Hyades as gratefully Lyai did place;

Nicholas Grimald.

Who, in prime tide, supports the Bull's fair face.
And should I not express my inward woe;
When you, most loving dam! so soon hence go! . . .

Me brought to light, your tender arms sustained;
And with my lips your milky paps I strained.
You me embraced, in bosom soft you me
Cherished, as I your only child had be!
Of issue fair, with numbers were you blest;
Yet I, the best beloved of all the rest!

Good luck, certain fore-reading mothers have;
And you of me a special judgement gave.
Then, when firm pace I fixèd on the ground,
When tongue can cease to break the lispng sound,
You me, straightway, did to the Muses send,
Ne suffered long a loitering life to spend.
What gain the wool, what gain the wed, had brought,
It was his meed, that me there daily taught.

When with MINERVE I had acquaintance won,
And PHÆBUS seemed to love me as his son;
Brownshold I bade, at parent's hest, farewell;
And gladly there in Schools I gan to dwell,
Where Granta gives the Ladies nine such place,
That they rejoyce to see their blissful case.
With joys at heart in this Parnasse I bode,
While, through his Signs, five times great TITAN glode;
And twice as long by that fair Ford, where as
Swan-feeder Thames no further course can pass.

Nicholas Grimald.

O, what desire had you therewhile of me!
'Mid doubtful dreads, what joys were wont to be!
Now linen clothes wrought with those fingers fine,
Now other things of yours, did you make mine!
Till your last threads gan CLOTHO to untwine,
And of your days, the date extreme assign.

Hearing the chance, your neighbours made much
moan,
A dearworth Dame! they thought their comfort gone!
Kinswomen wept! Your charge, the maidens, wept!
Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept!
But my good Sire gave, with soft words, relief;
And cloaks, with outward cheer, his inward grief:
Lest, by his care, your sickness should augment;
And on his case your thoughtful heart be bent.

You, not forgetting yet a mother's mood,
When, at the door, dart-thirling Death there stood,
Did say, 'Adieu, dear Spouse! My race is run!
Whereso he be, I have left you a son!'
And 'NICHOLAS' you named, and named again,
With other speech aspiring heavenly reign;
When into air your sp'rit departed fled;
And left the corpse acold in lukewarm bed.

Ah! could you thus, dear mother! leave us all?
Now should you live that yet, before your fall
My Songs you might have sung, have heard my voice;
And in commodities of your own rejoice!
My sisters, yet unwedded, who shall guide!
With whose good lessons shall they be applied!

Have, mother! monuments of our sore smart!
No costly tomb, areared with curious art;
Nor Mausolean mass hung in the air;
Nor lofty steeples, that will once appair:
But wailful Verse, and doleful Song, accept!

By Verse, the names of ancient peers be kept!
By Verse, lives HERCULES! By Verse, ACHIL!
HECTOR, ENE, by Verse, be famous still!
Such former years, such death hath chanced thee:
Closed with good end, good life is wont to be!

But now, my sacred parent! fare you well!
GOD shall cause us again together dwell,
What time this universal globe shall hear
Of the Last Trump the ringing voice: great fear
To some; to such as you a heavenly cheer!
Till then reposed, rest you in gentle sleep!
While He, to whom you are bequeathed, you keep!

Anonymous.

THE SINGING PART WHO liveth so merry, in all this land,
[=*THE SOLO*]. As doth the poor Widow that selleth sand?
CHORUS. And ever she singeth, as I can guess,
'Will you buy any sand, Mistress?'

THE SINGING PART. The Broom-man maketh his living most
sweet, [street.
With carrying of brooms from street to
CHORUS. Who would desire a pleasanter thing [sing!
Than, all the day long, to do nothing but

THE SINGING PART. The Chimney-sweeper, all the long day,
He singeth, and sweepeth the soot away.
CHORUS. Yet, when he comes home, although he
be weary,
With his sweet Wife, he maketh full merry!

THE SINGING PART. The Cobbler, he sits cobbling till noon;
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done.
CHORUS. Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say;
For he knows his work will soon decay!

THE SINGING PART. The Merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on shipboard with little ease.
CHORUS. Always in doubt the rock is near, [cheer?
How can he be merry, and make good

Anonymous.

THE SINGING PART. The Husbandman, all day, goeth to plow ;
And when he comes home, he serveth
his sow.

CHORUS. He moileth and toileth, all the long year ;
How can he be merry, and make good
cheer?

THE SINGING PART. The Serving-man waiteth from street to
street,
With blowing his nails, and beating his
feet :

CHORUS. And serveth for Forty Shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

THE SINGING PART. Who liveth so merry, and maketh such
sport,

CHORUS. As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, or three !
And every man will spend his penny ;
What makes such a shot, among a great
many !

*A SONG
BETWEEN THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY
AND ENGLAND.*

ENGLAND. Come over the born, BESSY! Come over the born,
Sweet BESSY! come over to me! [BESSY!
And I shall thee take; and my dear Lady make,
Before all other that ever I see!

BESSY. Methinks, I hear a voice! at whom I do rejoice,
And answer thee now I shall! [come away;
Tell me, I say, What art thou, that biddest me
And so earnestly dost me call?

E. I am thy Lover fair! hath chose thee to mine heir,
And my name is Merry England;
Therefore come away, and make no more delay!
Sweet BESSY, give me thy hand!

B. Here is my hand, my dear Lover, England!
I am thine, both with mind and heart,
For ever to endure, thou mayst be sure!
Until death us two depart.

E. Lady, this long space, have I loved thy Grace,
More than I durst well say!
Hoping, at the last, when all storms were past,
For to see this joyful day.

William Birch.

**B. Yet, my Lover, England! ye shall understand
How Fortune on me did lower!
I was tumbled and tossed from pillar to post,
And prisoner in the Tower!**

**E. Dear Lady! we do know how that tyrants not a few
Went about for to seek thy blood;
And, contrary to right, they did what they might,
That now bear two faces in one hood!**

**B. Then was I carried to Woodstock, and kept close under lock,
That no man might with me speak;
And, against all reason, they accused me of treason,
And 'ticeably they did me threat!**

**E. O, my Lover fair! my darling and mine heir!
Full sore for thee I did lament!
But no man durst speak, but they would him threat;
And quickly make him repent!**

**B. Then was I delivered their hands; but was fain to put in
And good sureties for my forthcoming, [bands
Not from my house to depart, nor nowhere else to start;
As though I had been away running!**

**E. Why, dear Lady! I trow those mad men did not know
That ye were daughter unto King HARRY,
And a Princess of birth, one of the noblest on earth.
And sister unto Queen MARY.**

William Birch.

B. Yes! Yet I must forgive all such as do live,
If they will hereafter amend!
And for those that are gone, GOD forgive them every one;
And his mercy on them extend!

E. Yet, my Lover dear! tell me now here,
For what cause had ye this punishment?
For the commons did not know, nor no man would then
The chief cause of your imprisonment. [shew,

B. No, nor they themselves, that would have decayed my
But only by power and abusion! [wealth;
They could not detect me; but that they did suspect me,
That I was not of their religion.

E. O, cruel tyrants, and also monstrous giants,
That would such a sweet blossom devour!
But the LORD, of his might, defended thee in right;
And shortened their arm and power.

B. Yet, my Lover dear! mark me well here!
Though they were men of the Devil,
The Scripture plainly saith, All they that be of faith
Must needs do good against evil!

E. O, sweet Virgin pure! Long may ye endure,
To reign over us in this land! [LORD!
For your works do accord, ye are the Handmaid of the
For he hath blessed you with his hand.

William Birch.

B. My sweet realm ! be obedient to GOD's holy command-
And my proceedings embrace ! [ment ;
And for that that is abused, shall be better used ;
And that within short space !

E. Dear Lady and Queen ! I trust it shall be seen,
Ye shall reign quietly without strife ;
And if any traitors there be, of any kind or degree,
I pray, GOD send them short life !

B. I trust all faithful hearts will play true subjects' parts !
Knowing me their Queen, and true heir, by right ;
And that much the rather, for the love of my father,
That worthy Prince, King HENRY the Eighth !

E. Therefore let us pray to GOD, both night and day,
Continually and never to cease,
That He will preserve your Grace, to reign over us long
In tranquillity, wealth, and peace ! [space

BOTH.

All honour, laud, and praise be to the LORD GOD
Who hath all Princes' hearts in his hands, [always !
That, by his power and might, He may guide them aright
For the wealth of all Christian lands !

Finis.

GOD save the Queen !

If ever I marry, I'll marry a Maid!
To marry a Widow, I'm sore afraid!
For Maids they are simple, and never will grudge!
But Widows full oft, as they say, know too much!

A Maid is so sweet, and so gentle of kind;
That a Maid is the Wife I will choose to my mind!
A Widow is froward, and never will yield;
Or if such there be, you will meet them but seld!

A Maid ne'er complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you mean well, a Widow takes ill!
A Widow will make you a drudge, and a slave;
And, cost ne'er so much, she will ever go brave!

A Maid is so modest, she seemeth a rose,
When first it beginneth the bud to uncloze;
But a Widow, full blown, full often deceives; [leaves!
And the next wind that bloweth, shakes down all her

The Widows be lovely, I never gainsay;
But too well all their beauty they know to display!
But a Maid hath so great hidden beauty in store,
She can spare to a Widow; yet never be poor!

Then if ever I marry, give me a fresh Maid!
If to marry with any I be not afraid.
But to marry with any, it asketh much care;
And some Bachelors hold, they are best as they are!

I WILL be plane,
And lufe affane;
For as I mene,
 So tak me!
Gif I refrane
For wo, or pane,
Your lufe certane;
 Forsaik me!

Gif trew report
To yow resort
Of my gud port;
 So tak me!
Gif I exort
In evil sort;
Without confort
 Forsaik me!

Gif diligens
In your presens
Schaw my pretens;
 So tak me!
Gif negligens,
In my absens,
Schaw my offens;
 Forsaik me!

Alexander Scott.

Your and no mo,
Quhair evir I go,
Gif I so do;
 So tak me!
Gif I fle fro,
And dois not so;
Evin as your fo,
 Forsaik me!

Gif I do prufe
That I yow luf
Nixt GOD abuse;
 So tak me!
Gif I remufe
Fra your behufe,
Without excuss;
 Forsaik me!

Be land, or se,
Quhair evir I be,
As ye find me,
 So tak me!
And gif I le
And from yow flee,
Ay quhill I de,
 Forsaik me!

Alexander Scott.

It is bot waist,
Mo wirdis to taist,
Ye haif my laist;
 So tak me!
Gif ye our cast,
My lyf is past!
Ewin at the last,
 Forsaik me!

My Deir! adew!
Most clier of hew,
Now on me rew,
 And so tak me!
Gif I persew,
And beis nocht trew;
Cheiss ye ane new,
 And forsaik me!

VERSES MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAM,

*WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT HER FAIR, AS SHE STOOD
AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOW, IN GOODLY ATTIRE,
AND TALKED TO DIVERS IN THE COURT-YARD.*

WHENCE comes my love? O, heart, disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose!
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise!
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze!
Whence comes my woe? as freely own!
Ah! me! 'twas from a heart like stone!

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind.
The lips, befitting words most kind.
The eye doth tempt to love's desire;
And seems to say, 'tis CUPID's fire.
Yet all so fair, but speak my moan;
Since nought doth say the heart of stone!

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek;
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O, VENUS! take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan;
Or make a heart that 's like our own!

TO SWEET ISABELLA MARKHAM,

AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE.

MARVELLOUS be thy matchless gifts of mind;
And for thy shape, *Eurythmia* rightly grown!
Reckless of praise, a praise rare in thy kind,
Great in desert, small in desire well known.
A mansion meet, where Chastity doth dwell.
Ripe in all good, of evil the seed unsown;
Endued with thews that do the rest excel;
Temp'rance hath won, and Constancy doth hold;
Wisdom hath taught that mildness mast'reth might.
I am unskilled the rest how to unfold.
Let envious eyes deem that, by exact sight
Of beauty, hue, and parts of price untold!
But yet I read thy look with reverent care:
Each wight is wise, that, warnèd, can beware!

FROM 'A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES,' 1563.

Then said the Reader [*WILLIAM BALDWIN, the Editor*],
'The next here whom I find miserable, are King EDWARD's
two sons cruelly murdered in the Tower of London.'

'Have you their tragedy?'

'No, surely!' quod I. 'The Lord VAUX undertook to pen
it: but what he hath done therein, I am not certain; and there-
fore I let it pass till I know farther.'

'I have here the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's, King RICHARD's
chief instrument, written by Master THOMAS SACKVILLE.'

'Read it, we pray you!' said they.

'With a good will!' quod I, 'but first you shall hear his
Preface, or Induction.'

'Hath he made a Preface?' quod one. 'What meaneth he
thereby, seeing none other hath used the like order?'

'I will tell you the cause thereof,' quod I, 'which is this.
After that he understood that some of the [Privy] Council
[in 1555] would not suffer the book to be printed in such order
as we agreed and determined; he purposed with himself to
have gotten, at my hands, all the tragedies [*tragical stories in
verse*] that were before the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's, which he
would have preserved in one volume: and from that time back-
ward, even to the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror, he deter-
mined to continue and perfect all the story himself, in such
order, as LYDGATE, following BOCCHAS [*Boccaccio*], had
already used. And therefore to make a meet Induction into
the matter, he devised this poesy; which, in my judgement,
is so well penned that I would not have any verse thereof left
out of our volume. Now that you know the cause and mean-
ing of his doing, you shall also hear what he hath done.'

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

His Induction beginneth thus :

THE wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the green :
And old SATURNUS, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green,
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that earst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue ;
And soot fresh flowers, wherewith the Summer's Queen
Had clad the earth, now BOREAS' blasts down blew :
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the Summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery.
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly.
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within ; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, where as I walked about.

When, lo ! the night, with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies ;
And VENUS in her message HERMES sped
To bloody MARS, to will him not to rise,
While she herself approached in speedy wise :
And Virgo, hiding her disdainful breast,
With THETIS now had laid her down to rest.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Whiles Scorpio, dreading Sagittarius' dart,
Whose bow pressed bent in sight, the string had slipped,
Down slid into the ocean flood apart.

The Bear that in the Irish seas had dipped
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipped :
For THETIS, hasting from the Virgin's bed,
Pursued the Bear ; that, ere she came, had fled.

And PHÆTON now near reaching to his race,
With glist'ring beams, gold streaming where they bent,
Was pressed to enter in his resting-place.
Erythius, that in the cart first went,
Had, even now, attained his journey's stent ;
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While TITAN couched him in his purple bed.

And pale CYNTHIA, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face,
With twinkling light, shone on the earth apace ;
That, while they brought about the night's chair,
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was 'ware.

And sorrowing I, to see the Summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas, forlorn ;
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade, that flourished so beforne :
It taught me well, all earthly things be born
To die the death ! For nought long time may last !
The Summer's beauty yields to Winter's blast !

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,
With night's stars thick powdered everywhere;
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful PHŒBUS spread down from his Sphere:
Beholding dark oppressing day so near,
The sudden sight reduced to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That (musing on this worldly wealth in thought;
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought)
My busy mind presented unto me
Such Fall of Peers as in this realm had be;
That oft I wished some would their woes describe,
To warn the rest, whom Fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast;
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste.
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast;
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold!

Her body small, forwithered, and forspent,
As is the stalk that Summer's drought opprest;
Her welked face with woeful tears besprent;
Her colour pale, and (as it seemed her best)
In woe and plaint reposèd was her rest.
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat,
Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously;
Her forceless hands together oft she smote;
With doleful shrieks, that echoed in the sky:
Whose plaint such sighs did strait accompany,
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight by half so woe-begone as she!

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolour so distrained in heart,
That, while my hairs upstart with the sight,
The tears out streamed, for sorrow of her smart.
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle, which she so sore did make;
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake.

'Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be!
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint!
Tell, What thou art? and Whence? For well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attain!'
And with that word of sorrow, all forfaint
She looked up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo! thus she gan to say.

'Alas! I, wretch! whom thus thou seest distrained
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake!
Sorrow, I am! in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the Infernal Lake:
While PLUTO, God of Hell so grisly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Letheus' deadly taste
Doth leave remembrance of each thing forepast.
No

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

'Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom FORTUNE, in this Maze of Misery
Of wretched Chance, most woeful Mirrors chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure
Thou mayst soon deem no earthy joy may dure!'

Whose rueful voice no sooner had outbrayed
Those woeful words, wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out, alas! she shright, and never stayed;
Fell down, and all-to-dashed herself for woe.
The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrows eft,
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretched myself, and strait my heart revives,
That dread and dolour erst did so appal;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle, Health, to scale:
With gathered sp'rits, so forced I fear to avale;
And rearing her, with anguish all fordone,
My sp'rits returned, and then I thus begun.

'O, SORROW! alas! sith SORROW is thy name!
And that to thee, this drear doth well pertain;
In vain, it were to seek to cease the same!
But as a man, himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas! do comfort thee in pain!
That here in sorrow art forsunk so deep
That, at thy sight, I can but sigh and weep!'

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Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Flat down I fell ; and, with all reverence,
Adored her : perceiving now that she,
A Goddess sent by godly Providence,
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty ;
And while I honoured thus her Godhead's might ;
With plaining voice, these words to me she shright.

' I shall thee guide first to the Grisly Lake ;
And thence unto the blissful Place of Rest !
Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they make,
That whilom here bare swing among the best.
This shalt thou see ! But great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain.'

And with these words, as I upraised stood,
And gan to follow her, that straight forth paced ;
Ere I was 'ware, into a desert wood
We now were come ; where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way ; and through the thick so traced
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight !

But, lo ! while, thus amid the desert dark,
We passèd on with steps and pace unmeet.
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet ;
And struck the din within our ears so deep
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell.
Besought return, and not to visit Hell !

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

But she, forthwith uplifting me apace,
Removed my dread ; and, with a steadfast mind,
Bade me come on, for here was now the place !
The place where we our travel's end should find !
Wherewith, I arose ; and to the place assigned
Astoined I stalked ; when straight we approachèd near
The doleful place, that you will dread to hear.

A hideous hole, all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.
Here entered we, and, yeding forth, anon
A horrible loathly Lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that clepèd is Averde.

A deadly gulf where nought but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth, in thickened lumps that lies ;
Which up in the air such stinking vapours throws
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choked with the pest'lent savours that arise.
Hither we come ; whence forth we still did pace
In dreadful fear, amid the dreadful place.

And, first, within the Porch and Jaws of Hell
Sat deep REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE, all besprent
With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness ; and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought.
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death ; and yet she could not die !

Next, saw we DREAD, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffered here and there,
Benumbed of speech ; and with a ghastly look
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear.
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
Stoined and amazed at his own shade, for dread ;
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the Entry of this Lake,
Sat fell REVENGE, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest, till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death ; or venged by death to be !

When fell REVENGE, with bloody foul pretence,
Had showed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met ;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas ! upon the woeful plight
Of MISERY, that next approached in sight.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

His face was lean, and some deal pined away ;
And eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none
Save clouts and patches piecèd one by one.
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless, sometime some crumbs fell to his share ;
Which, in his wallet long, God wot ! kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare.
His drink, the running stream ; his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed ; his bed, the hard cold ground,
To this poor life was MISERY ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;
And, by-and-by, another Shape appears
Of greedy CARE, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawèd hands, and hard ytannèd skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun !
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day ; yet ceaseth he no while !
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

By him, lay heavy SLEEP, the cousin of DEATH,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath!
Small keep took he, whom FORTUNE frowned on;
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So dead-alive, of life he drew the breath!

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he;
And of our life in earth the better part.
'Reaver of sight; and yet in whom we see
Things oft that 'tide, and oft that never be!
Without respect, esteeming equally
King CRÆSUS' pomp and IRUS' poverty.

And, next in order, sad OLD AGE we found.
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer, still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread; and ended, with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him, with broken and hollow plaint,
Rue with himself his end approaching fast;
And, all for nought, his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty Youth forwaste:
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek!
And to be young again, of JOVE beseech.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

But and the cruel Fates so fixèd be
That time forepast cannot return again ;
This one request of JOVE yet prayèd he !
That, in such withered plight and wretched pain,
As ELD, accompanied with his loathsome Train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life ;

And not so soon descend into the pit ;
Where DEATH, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With retchless hand, in grave doth cover it !
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light ; but in the ground plain,
In depth of darkness, waste and wear to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast ; as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone :
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched AGE should life desire so fain ;
And knows full well, his life doth but length his pain !

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
His scalp all pilled, and he, with eld forlore.
His withered fist still knocking at DEATH's door :
Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of DEATH.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

And fast by him, pale MALADY was placed,
Sore sick in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste ;
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone !
Her breath corrupt. Her keepers every one
Abhorring her. Her sickness past recure ;
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But O, the doleful sight that then we see !
We turned our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of FAMINE mought we see !
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died.
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas ! was gnawen on everywhere,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear ;
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain :
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse ; that rather seemed a shade,
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay !
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw.
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her jaw ;
But eats herself, as she that hath no law.
Gnawing, alas ! her carcase all in vain ;
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

... Scrope, Earl of Dorset.

... our eyes firmly fixed our eyes,
... such a dreary sight,
... in so huge wise
... to shiver with the might!
... we saw how it did light
... cast; and therewithal pale DEATH
... to leave her of her breath.

... dumb dead corpse we saw,
... the shape of DEATH aright,
... creatures to his law;
... force in vain it is to fight!
... forces, nor no mortal wight,
... realms, cities, ne strongest tower:
... force, must yield unto his power!

... of the corpse he took;
... (a dreadful sight to see!)
... oftsoons the same he shook,
... my fears affrayèd me!
... with nought but bones, perdy!
... of Man there saw I plain,
... the sinew, and the vein.

... a glittering Arms yclad,
... ween looks, and blackly hued.
... sword he had,
... with blood embrued:
... kings and kingdoms rued,
... held; and therewithal
... threw down towers and all.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Cities he sacked ; and realms that whilom flowered
In honour, glory, and rule, above the best,
He overwhelmed ; and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted ; and never ceast
Till he their wealth, their name, and all opprest !
His face forhewed with wounds ; and by his side
There hung his Targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Outbreathing nought but discord everywhere !
And round about were portrayed here and there,
The hugie hosts, DARIUS and his Power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peers, and all his flower,

Whom great Macedo[n] vanquished there in fight,
With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
Pierced through his realms, and daunted all his might.
Duke HANNIBAL beheld I there beside.
In Canna's Field, victor how he did ride ;
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And Consul PAULUS covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more, the fight at Trasimene
And Trebery Field ; and eke when HANNIBAL
And worthy SCIPIO last in Arms were seen,
Before Carthago Gate, to try for all
The World's Empire, to whom it should befall.
There saw I POMPEY and CÆSAR clad in Arms,
Their host allied, and all their civil harms.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

On her, while we thus firmly fixed our eyes
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight;
Lo! suddenly, she shrigh in so huge wise
As made Hell Gates to shiver with the noise
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did pierce
Right on her breast; and therewithal each flung
Enthrilling it, to 'reave her of her life

And, by-and-by, a dumb dead corpse
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death
That daunts all earthly creatures to
Against whose force in vain it is
Ne Peers, ne Princes, nor no more
Ne towns, ne realms, cities, nor no more
But all, perforce, must yield to Death

His dart anon, out of the corn
And in his hand (a dreadful sight)
With great triumph, eftsoons
That most of all my fears
His body dight with nought
The naked shape of Man
All save the flesh, the

Lastly, stood WAR in gl
With visage grim, stern
In his right hand a naked
That to the hilts was
And in his left, that
Famine and Fire
He razed towns, and

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Thy Hector, worthiest of them all!
Thy joy! His force is now for nought!
Troy! there is no boot but bale!
Thy huge Horse within thy walls is brought!
Thy turrets fall! Thy Knights, that whilom fought
In Arms amid the Field, are slain in bed!
Thy Gods defied, and all thy honour dead!

The flames upspring; and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste!
Some fire the houses, where the wretches sleep!
Some rush in here; some run in there as fast!
In everywhere. or sword, or fire, they taste!
The walls are torn! The towers whirled to the ground!
There is no mischief but may there be found!

CASSANDRA yet there saw I, how they haled
From PALLAS' House, with spercled tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout impaled.
And PRIAM eke, in vain how he did run
To Arms: whom PYRRHUS, with despite, hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the baine
Of his sons' blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight
That in the Shield so lifelike fair did shine!
Since, in this world, I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine!
I can no more but tell, how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gleeds down;
And to the soil great Troy, NEPTUNUS' town.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Herefrom, when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That filled with tears as doth the springing well;
We passèd on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome Lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth as black as Hell.
Where grisly CHARON, at their fixèd tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The agèd God no sooner SORROW spied,
But, hasting strait unto the bank apace,
With hollow call, unto the rout he cried,
To swerve apart; and give the Goddess place!
Strait it was done. When to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linkèd fast,
Within the boat we were together placed.

And forth we launch, full fraughted to the brink,
When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack, as if the same should sink.
We hoise up mast and sail, that, in a while,
We fet the shore: where scarcely we had while
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth passed, but that we saw
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of Hell,
With bristles reared, and with a three-mouthed jaw,
Fording the air with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave, where he did dwell.
The Goddess strait he knew; and by-and-by
He 'peased and couched, while that we passèd by.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Thence came we to the horror and the Hell ;
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of PLUTO in his throne, where he did dwell ;
The wide waste places and the huge plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain ;
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan.
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan !

Here puled the babes ; and here the maids unwed,
With folded hands, their sorry chance bewailed,
Here wept the guiltless slain ; and Lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed.
A thousand sorts of sorrows here that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,
That, Oh ! alas ! it was a Hell to hear !

We stayed us strait and, with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight ; while from mine eyes
The vapoured tears downstilled here and there.
And SORROW eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
Gan all, in heaps, to swarm us round about.

'Lo, here !' quod SORROW, 'Princes of renown,
That, whilom, sat on top of FORTUNE's Wheel,
Now laid full low ; like wretches whirled down,
Even with one frown, that stayed but with a smile !
And now, behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought ; and what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to Kesar, King, and Peer !'

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

Then first came HENRY, Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
His cloak of black all pilled and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and FORTUNE oft doth blame ;
Which, of a Duke, hath made him now her scorn.
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay.
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away !
His eyes they whirled about, withouten stay.
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart, at each, had burst in twain !

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice ;
At each of which, he shriekèd so withal,
As though the heavens rivèd with the noise !
Till, at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel FORTUNE, weeping, thus he plained.

Barnaby Googe.

UNHAPPY Tongue! Why didst thou not consent,
When first mine eyes did view that princely face,
To shew good will, that heart oppressed then meant;
And, whilst time was, to sue for present grace?
O, fainting Heart! Why didst thou then conceal
Thine inward fires, that flamed in every vein?
When pity and gentleness were bent to heal;
Why didst thou not declare thy raging pain?
When well thou mightst have moved her gentle mind,
Why didst thou then keep back thy woeful plain?
Thou knew'st full well, redress is hard to find,
When in thine own affairs thy courage faints!
But since She is gone; bewail thy grief no more!
Since thou thyself wert causer of the sore.

TO DOCTOR BALE,

BISHOP OF OSSORY.

GOOD agèd BALE! that, with thy hoary hairs,
Dost yet persist to turn the painful book!
O, happy man! that hast obtained such years;
And leav'st not yet on papers pale to look!
Give over now to beat thy wearied brain;
And rest thy pen, that long hath laboured sore!
For agèd men unfit, sure, is such pain;
And thee beseems to labour now no more!
But thou, I think, Don PLATO's part wilt play!
With book in hand, to have thy dying day.

Barnaby Googe.

THE rushing rivers that do run,
The valleys sweet adornèd new,
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flowers fresh of sundry hue,
Both ash, and elm, and oak so high,
Do all lament my woeful cry!

While Winter black, with hideous storms,
Doth spoil the ground of Summer's green;
While Springtime sweet the leaf returns
That, late, on tree could not be seen;
While Summer burns; while harvest reigns;
So still do rage my restless pains!

No end I find in all my smart;
But endless torment I sustain,
Since first, alas! my woeful heart
By sight of thee, was forced to plain!
Since that I lost my liberty!
Since that thou mad'st a slave of me!

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought!
Once Reason ruled and guided me;
And now is Wit consumed with thought!
Once I rejoiced above the sky;
And now, for thee, alas! I die!

Barnaby Googe.

Once I rejoiced in company;
And now my chief and whole delight
Is from my friends away to fly,
And keep alone my wearied spright!
Thy face divine and my desire,
From flesh hath me transformed to fire!

O, NATURE! thou that first didst frame
My Lady's hair of purest gold,
Her face of crystal to the same,
Her lips of precious ruby's mould,
Her neck of alabaster white,
Surmounting far each other wight;

Why didst thou not, that time, devise,
Why didst thou not foresee before,
The mischief that thereof doth rise;
And grief on grief doth heap with store?
To make her heart of wax alone,
And not of flint and marble stone!

O, Lady! shew thy favour yet!
Let not thy Servant die for thee!
Where Rigour ruled, let Mercy sit!
Let Pity conquer Cruelty!
Let not Disdain, a fiend of Hell!
Possess the place where Grace should dwell!

Earnaby Googe.

~~Sweet Master!~~ tell me, where is my heart become?
For well I feel, it is from hence away.
No ~~man~~ all doth sorrow so benumb,
That absent thus, I cannot live a day.
I know, for troth, there is a special place
Where as it most desireth for to be!
For oft it leaves me thus in doleful case;
And hither comes, at length, again to me.'

Wouldst thou so fain be told, where is thy heart?
Sir Fool! in place where as it should not be!
Tied up so fast; that it can never start,
Till Wisdom get again thy liberty!
In place where thou as safe mayst dwell, sweet Daw!
As may the hart lie by the lion's paw!
And where for thee, as much, be sure! they pass,
As did the Master, once, for ÆSOP's ass!'

WHEN I do hear thy Name,
Alas! my heart doth rise,
And seeks forthwith to see the salve
That most contents mine eyes!

But when I see thy Face,
That hath procured my pain;
Then boils my blood in every part,
And beats in every vein!

Barnaby Googe.

Thy Voice, when I do hear,
Then colour comes and goes!
Some time as pale as earth I look;
Some time, as red as rose!

If thy sweet Face do smile,
Then who so well as I!
If thou but cast a scornful look,
Then out! alas! I die!

But still I live in pain!
My fortune willeth so,
That I should burn; and thou yet know
No whit of all my woe!

OF MONEY.

[See G. TURBERVILLE's Answer to this Poem at page 114.]

GIVE Money me! take Friendship whoso list!
For friends are gone; come once adversity!
When Money yet remaineth safe in chest,
That quickly can thee bring from misery!
Fair face show friends, when riches do abound!
Come time of proof! 'Farewell, they must away!'
Believe me well, they are not to be found;
If GOD but send thee once a low'ring day!
Gold never starts aside; but, in distress,
Finds ways enough to ease thy heaviness.

AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS

REDINTEGRATIO EST.

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a Wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighèd sore, and sang full sweet to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease ; but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child ;
She rockèd it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, ' Now have I found this proverb true to
prove,

The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.'

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As She proceeded thus in Song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered She of weight, in place where as she sat :
And provèd plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and
strife.

Then kissèd She her little babe, and sware, by GOD above,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

Richard Edwards.

She said, That neither King, ne Prince, ne Lord, could
live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood and
their might.
When manhood shall be matchèd so, that fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors, each other to embrace,
And leave their force, that failèd them; which did consume
the rout,
That might before have lived their time and Nature out.
Then did She sing, as one that thought no man could her
reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

She said, She saw no fish, ne fowl, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed.
So noble Nature can well end the work she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy in some.
Thus in her Song She oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
The falling out of faithful friends, is the renewing of love.

‘I marvel much, pardy,’ quoth She, ‘for to behold the rout,
To see Man, Woman, Boy, beast, to toss the world about!
Some kneel, some crouch; some beck, some check; and some
can smoothly smile;
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some
stout;
Yet are they never friends in deed, until they once fall out!’
Thus ended She her Song, and said before she did remove,
The falling out of faithful friends, is the renewing of love.

WHEN Women first Dame NATURE wrought,
'All good,' quoth she; 'none shall be nought!
All wise shall be; none shall be fools:
For Wit shall spring from Women's schools!
In all good gifts they shall excel!
Their nature all, no tongue can tell!'
Thus NATURE said. I heard it, I!
I pray you, ask them, if I do lie?

By NATURE's grant, this must ensue,
No woman false; but all are true!
None sow debate; but love maintain!
None joys to see her Lover's pain!
As turtles true, their chosen one
They love; and pine, where he is gone!
This is most true; none can deny!
I pray you, ask them, if I do lie?

Richard Edwards.

No lamb so meek as Women be;
Their humble hearts from pride are free!
Rich things they wear; and wot you Why?
Only to please their husband's eye!
They never strive their wills to have;
Their husband's love, nought else, they crave!
Vain talk in them, none can espy!
I pray you, ask them, if I do lie?

If vice the earth should overcome,
And no wight left under the sun;
If wealth would wring the poor; and might,
With open force, would suppress right;
If no rule were left on the ground;
In Women yet, it might be found!
The star of goodness in them doth lie!
I pray you, ask them, if I do lie?

The eagle, with his piercing eye,
Shall burn and waste the mountains high;
Huge rocks shall fleet, as ship with sail;
The crab shall run; swim shall the snail;
Springs shall return from whence they came;
Sheep shall be wild, and tigers tame:
Or these my words false you shall try!
Ha! Ha! methinks, I make a lie!

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSIC.

Where griping grief the heart would wound, and doleful dumps then oppress;
There Music, with her silver sound, is wont with speed to give redress!
Of troubled mind for every sore, sweet Music hath a salve therefore.

In joy, it makes our mirth abound! In grief, it cheers our heavy sprights!
The careful head release hath found by Music's pleasant sweet delights!
Our senses (what should I say more!) are subject unto Music's lore!
The Gods, by Music, hath their prey! The soul therein doth joy!
For, as the Roman Poets say, in seas, whom pirates would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharp, ARION playing on his harp.
A heavenly gift, that turns the mind like as the stern doth rule the ship.
Music! whom the Gods assigned to comfort Man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both man and beast dost move, what wise man then will thee
reprove?

M. BEW.

- A.* Shall I no way win you to grant my desire?
B. What woman will grant you the thing you require?
A. You only to love me, is all that I crave!
B. You only to leave me, is all I would have!
A. My Dear! alas! now say not so!
B. To love you best, I must say 'No!'
A. Yet will I not flit! *B.* Then, play on the bit!
A. I will! *B.* Do still! *A.* Yet kill not! *B.* I will not!
A. Make me your man! *B.* Beshrew me, then!
- A.* The swifter I follow, then you fly away!
B. Swift hawks, in their flying, oft times miss their prey!
A. Yet some killeth deadly, that fly to the mark!
B. You shall touch no feather! Thereof take no cark!
A. Yet hope shall further my desire!
B. You blow the coals, and raise no fire!

M. Bew.

A. Yet will I not flit! B. Then, play on the bit!
A. I will! B. Do still! A. Yet kill not! B. I will not!
A. Make me your man! B. Beshrew me, then!

A. To love is no danger, where true love is meant!
B. I will love no ranger, lest that I repent!
A. My love is no ranger, I make GOD avow!
B. To trust your smooth sayings I, sure, know not how!
A. Most truth I mean, as time shall well try!
B. No truth in men, I oft espy!
A. Yet will I not flit! B. Then, play on the bit!
A. I will! B. Do still! A. Yet kill not! B. I will not!
A. Make me your man! B. Beshrew me; then!

A. Some women may say 'Nay!' and mean love most true!
B. Some women can make fools of as wise men as you!
A. In time, I shall catch you; I know when and where!
B. I will soon dispatch you! You shall not come there!
A. Some speed at length, that oft have mist!
B. I am well armed! Come, when you list!
A. Yet will I not flit! B. Then, play on the bit!
A. I will! B. Do still! A. Yet kill not! B. I will not!
A. Make me your man! B. Beshrew me, then!

A. Yet work your kind kindly! Grant me love for love!
B. I will use you friendly, as I shall you prove!
A. Most true you shall find me, I this do protest!
B. Then, sure, you shall bind me to grant your request!
A. O, happy thread now have I spun!
B. You sing before the conquest won!
A. Why then! will you swerve? B. Even as you deserve!
A. Love still! B. I will! A. Yet kill not! B. I will not!
A. Make me your man! B. Come to me, then!

*A CONTROVERSY OF A CONQUEST IN
LOVE, 'TWIXT FORTUNE AND VENUS.*

WHILST Fisher cast his line, the hov'ring fish to hook,
By hap, a rich man's daughter on the Fisher cast her look.
She fried with frantic love. They married eke at last.
Thus Fisher was from low estate, in top of treasure placed. [she
Stood FORTUNE by, and smiled. 'Howsay you, Dame!' quoth
To VENUS, 'was this conquest yours; or is it due to me?'
'Twas I!' quoth VULCAN's Wife, 'with help of CUPID's bow,
That made this wanton wench to rage, and match herself so low!'
'Not so! 'twas FORTUNE, I! that brought the trull in place;
And FORTUNE was it, that the man stood so in Maiden's grace!
By FORTUNE fell their love! 'Twas FORTUNE strake the stroke!
Then debtor is this man to me, that did the Match provoke!'

*OF A GENTLEWOMAN,
THAT WILLED HER LOVER TO WEAR GREEN BAYS,
IN TOKEN OF HER STEADFAST LOVE TO HIM.*

B. TOLD me, 'That the Bay would aye be green;
And never change his hue, for Winter's threat!
Wherefore,' quoth she, 'that plainly may be seen
What love thy Lady bears, the Laurel get!

'A branch aloft upon the helmet wear!
Presuming that until the laurel die,
And lose his native colour; I will bear
A faithful heart, and never swerve awry!'

I, silly soul! did smile with joyful brow;
Hoping that DAPHNIS would retain her hue,
And not have changed; and likewise that the vow
My Lady made, would make my Lady true!

O, Gods! behold the chance! I wore the tree,
And honoured it as stay of steadfast love;
But, suddenly, the laurel might I see
To look as brown as doth the brownest dove.

I marvelled much at this unwonted sight.
Within a day or two, came news to me, [quite.
That she had changed; and swerved her friendship
Wherefore affy in neither trull, nor tree!
For I perceive, that colours lightly change;
And Ladies' love, on sudden, waxeth strange!

OF LADY VENUS,

*THAT, HAVING LOST HER SON CUPID, GOD OF LOVE, AND
DESIROUS TO UNDERSTAND OF HIM AGAIN, DECLARES,
BY THE WAY, THE NATURE OF LOVE AND AFFEC-
TIONS OF THE SAME, BY PRETTY DESCRIPTIONS.*

WHAT time the Lady VENUS sought her little son,
That CUPID hight, and found him not: she thus begun.
'My friends!' quoth she, 'if any chance, in open street
Or crossing paths, that wand'ring amorous Elf to meet;
That runagate, I say, is mine! Whoso, by hap,
Shall first bring tidings of the Boy, in VENUS' lap
Is sure to sit; and have, in price of taken pain,
A sugared kiss. But he that brings him home again,
A buss! yea! not a buss alone doubtless shall have;
But, like a friend, I will entreat him passing brave!

'I tell you, 'tis a proper youth! Mark every limb
And member of my strayèd son, that is so trim!
Not sallow white his body is; but like to flame!
A fierce and fiery rolling eye sets out the same!
A mischievous wily heart in breast the Boy doth bear;
But yet his words are honey-like and sweet to ear!
His talking tongue, and moaning mind, asunder go!
Smooth filèd style, for little cost, he will bestow;
But, being once inflamed with ire and raging wrath,
A cruel cankered dogged heart the urchin hath!
False, foxly, subtle Boy, and glozing lying Lad;
He sports, to outward sight; but inward chafes like mad!

George Turberville.

'A curled sconce he hath, with angry frowning brow.
A little hand; yet dart a cruel way can throw!
To shady Acheron sometimes he flings the same,
And deepest damp of hollow Hell, those imps to tame!

'Upon his carcase, not a cloth; but naked he
Of garments goes! His mind is wrapped; and not to see!
Much like a feathered fowl he flies; and wags his wings,
Now here, now there. The Man sometimes this Miser wrings;
Sometimes again the Lass to love he doth enforce!
Of neither kind, nor Man, nor Maid, he hath remorse!

'A little bow, the Boy doth bear in tender hand;
And in the same, an arrow nocked to string doth stand.
A slender shaft! yet such a one as far will fly;
And being shot from CUPID's bow, will reach the sky!

'A pretty golden quiver hangs there all behind
Upon his back; wherein, whoso doth look, shall find
A sort of sharp and lurching shafts, unhappy Boy!
Wherewith his Lady Mother eke he doth annoy
Sometimes; but, most of all, the foolish fretting Elf,
In cruel wise, doth cruelly torment and vex himself.

'Do beat the Boy! and spare him not at all! if thou
On him do chance to light. Although from childish brow
And moisted eyes the trickling tears, like floods, distil;
Believe him not! for chiefly then, beguile he will!
Not if he smile, unloose his pinioned arms! Take heed!
With pleasant honey words though he thine ears do feed;
And crave a kiss! beware, thou kiss him not at all!
For, in his lips, vile venom lurks, and bitter gall.
Or if, with friendly face, he seem to yield his bow
And shafts to thee; his proffered gifts, my friend! forgo!
Touch not, with tender hand, the subtle flatt'ring Dart
Of Love! for fear the fire thereof do make thee smart!

*TO A GENTLEWOMAN,
THAT ALWAYS WILLED HIM TO WEAR ROSEMARY
(A TREE THAT IS ALWAYS GREEN) FOR HER SAKE,
AND IN TOKEN OF HIS GOOD WILL TO HER.*

THE green that you did wish me wear
 Aye for your love,
And on my helm a branch to bear,
 Not to remove ;
Was ever you to have in mind,
Whom CUPID hath my fere assigned.

As I, in this, have done your will,
 And mind to do ;
So I request you to fulfil
 My fancy too.
A green and loving heart to have ;
And this is all that I do crave !

For if your flowering heart should change
 His colour green ;
Or you, at length, a Lady strange
 Of me be seen :
Then will my branch, against his use,
His colour change for your refuse.

George Turberville.

As Winter's force cannot deface
 This branch his hue;
So let no change of love disgrace
 Your friendship true!
You were mine own; and so be still!
So shall we live and love our fill!

Then may I think myself to be
 Well recompensed,
For wearing of the tree that is
 So well defenced
Against all weather that doth fall;
When wayward Winter spits his gall.

And when we meet, to try me true,
 Look on my head!
And I will crave an oath of you,
 Where faith be fled?
So that we both assurèd be;
Both I, of you; and you, of me!

TO MASTER GOOGE'S FANCY,

THAT BEGINS

'GIVE MONEY ME! TAKE FRIENDSHIP WHOSO LIST!'

[See page 101.]

FRIEND GOOGE! Give me the faithful Friend to trust;
And take the fickle coin, for me, that lust!
For Friends, in time of trouble and distress,
With help and sound advice, will soon redress
Each growing grief that gripes the pensive breast;
When Money lies locked up in covert chest.

Thy coin will cause a thousand cares to grow;
Which if thou hadst no coin, thou couldst not know!
Thy Friend no care, but comfort, will procure!
Of him, thou mayst at need thyself assure!
Thy Money makes the thief in wait to lie;
Whose fraud, thy Friend, and falsehood will descry!
Thou canst not keep unlocked thy careful coin;
But some from thee, thy Money will purloin!
Thy faithful Friend will never start aside;
But take his share of all that shall betide!
When thou art dead, thy Money is bereft;
But, after life, thy trusty Friend is left!
Thy Money serves another Master then;
Thy faithful Friend links with none other man!
So that, friend GOOGE! I deem it better, I!
To choose the Friend, and let the Money lie!

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh.

*TO MISTRESS ANNE CECIL,
UPON MAKING HER A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
JANUARY 1, 1567.*

As years do grow, so cares increase;
And time will move to look to thrift!
Though years in me work nothing less;
Yet, for your years, and New Year's gift,
This housewife's toy is now my shift!
To set you on work, some thrift to feel;
I send you now a Spinning Wheel!

But one thing first, I wish and pray,
Lest thirst of thrift might soon you tire,
Only to spin one pound a day;
And play the rest, as time require!
Sweat not! (O, fie!) fling rock in fire!
GOD send, who sendeth all thrift and wealth,
You, long years; and your father health!

Love me little; love me long!
Is the burden of my Song,
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste!
Still, I would not have thee cold!
Not too backward, or too bold!
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste!
Love me little; love me long! &c.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch!
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end!
I am with little well content!
And a little, from thee sent,
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast friend!
Love me little; love me long! &c.

Say, thou lov'st me while thou live;
I to thee my love will give!
Never dreaming to deceive
Whiles that life endures.
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth;
This my love assures!
Love me little; love me long! &c.

Anonymous.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persèver!
Give me that, with true endeavour,
I will it restore!

A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers that for me,
For the land, or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Love me little; love me long! &c.

Winter's cold, or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests, on it beat;
It can never know defeat!

Never can rebel!

Such the love that I would gain!
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give; or woo in vain!

So to thee, farewell!

Love me little; love me long! &c.

*THE VALOROUS ACTS PERFORMED AT GAUNT, BY THE
BRAVE BONNY LASS, MARY AMBREE; WHO, IN REVENGE OF
HER LOVE'S DEATH, DID PLAY HER PART MOST GALLANTLY.*

WHEN Captains courageous, whom death could not
Had roundly besieged the city of Gaunt; [daunt,
And manly they marchèd by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was MARY AMBREE.

Anonymous.

Thus being enforced to fight with her foes,
On each side most fiercely they seemèd to close :
Each one sought for honour in every degree ;
But none so much wan it as MARY AMBREE.

When brave Sergeant Major was slain in the fight,
Who was her own True Love, her joy, and delight ;
She swore, unrevenge'd his blood should not be !
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE ?

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe,
With Buff of the bravest and seemly to show :
A fair shirt of mail over that stripèd she.
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE ?

A helmet of proof she put on her head,
A strong armèd sword she girt on her side,
A fair goodly gauntlet on her hand wore she.
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE ?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And called on all those, that would be of her Band,
To wait on her person. There came thousands three.
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE ?

‘ Before you shall perish, the worst of you all,
Or come to any danger of Enemy’s thrall ;
This hand and this life of mine shall set you free !’
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE ?

Anonymous.

The drums and the trumpets did sound out alarm,
And many a hundred did lose leg and arm :
And many a thousand, she brought on their knee.
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE?

The sky then she fillèd with smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot!
For one of her own men, a score killèd she !
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE?

And then her false Gunner did spoil her intent,
Her powder and bullets away he had spent :
And then with her weapon, she slashed him in three!
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE?

Then took she her Castle, where she did abide.
Her enemies besieged her on every side ;
To beat down her Castle walls they did agree,
And all for to overcome MARY AMBREE !

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And on her Castle walls stoutly did stand ;
So daring the Captains to match any three !
O, what a brave Captain was MARY AMBREE !

At her, then they smiled ; not thinking in heart,
That she could have performed so valorous a part.
The one said to the other, ' We shortly shall see
This gallant brave Captain before us to flee !'

Anonymous.

'Why, what do you think, or take me to be?'
With these brave soldiers so valiant spake she.
'A Knight, Sir, of England; and Captain,' quod they,
'Whom shortly we mean to take prisoner away.'

'No Captain of England! Behold, in your sight,
Two breasts in my bosom; and therefore no Knight!
No Knight, Sirs, of England; nor Captain,' quoth she,
'But even a poor bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE!'

'But, art thou a woman? as thou dost declare,
That hath made us thus spend our armour in war?
The like, in our lives, we never did see;
And therefore we'll honour brave MARY AMBREE!'

The Prince of great PARMA heard of her renown;
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown.
In token he sent [her] a glove and a ring;
And said, She should be his Bride at his wedding.

'Why, what do you think, or take me to be?
Though he be a Prince of great dignity;
It shall never be said, in England so free,
That a stranger did marry with MARY AMBREE!'

Then unto fair England, she back did return;
Still holding the foes of brave England in scorn.
In valour no man was ever like she!
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, MARY AMBREE?

Anonymous.

In this woman's praises, I'll here end my Song ;
Whose heart was approvèd in valour most strong.
Let all sorts of people, whatever they be,
Sing forth the brave valours of MARY AMBREE !

THE man is blest
That lives in rest,
And so can keep him still ;
And he 's accurst,
That was the first
That gave his Wife her will !

What pain and grief,
Without relief,
Shall we poor men sustain,
If every GILL
Shall have her will,
And over us shall reign !

Then all our Wives
During their lives
Will look to do the same ;
And bear in hand,
It is as land
That goeth not from the name.

Anonymous.

There is no man
Whose wisdom can
Reform a wilful Wife :
But only GOD,
Who made the rod
For our unthrifty life.

Let us therefore
Cry out and roar,
And make to GOD request,
That He redress
This wilfulness;
And set our hearts at rest.

Wherefore, good Wives,
Amend your lives!
And we will do the same;
And keep not still
That naughty will
That hath so evil a name!

Anonymous.

At liberty I sit, and see
Them, that have erst laughed me to scorn,
Whipped with the whip that scourgèd me :
And now they ban that they were born!

I see them sit full soberly,
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now in themselves, they cannot spy
That they or this in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps each word and look;
And now they tread, where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook!

Now I see well, I saw no whit;
When they saw well, that now are blind!
But happy hap hath made me quit;
And just judgement hath them assigned.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,
The selfsame path that I have gone!
Blessed be the hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see,
And say no word but erst among,
Smiling at them, that laughed at me!
Lo! such is hap! Mark well my Song!

*THE LADDER OF THIRTY-FOUR STEPS,
TO CLIMB TO THRIFT,
BY HUSBANDRY.*

1. To take thy Calling thankfully,
And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge, in youth, no drudgery
To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travail slavery,
That brings in penny savourly.
4. To follow profit earnestly;
But meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy,
And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out too lashingly,
For fear of pinching penury.

Thomas Tusser.

7. To get good plot to occupy;
And store and use it husbandly.
8. To shew to Landlord courtesy;
And keep thy covenants orderly.
9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
For stoutness, or for flattery.
10. To wed good Wife for company;
And live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with householdry,
And make provision skilfully.
12. To join to Wife good family;
And none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idly,
For fear of idle knavery.
14. To 'courage Wife in housewifery;
And use well-doers gently.
15. To keep no more but needfully,
And count excess unsavoury.
16. To raise betimes up readily,
Both snorting HOB and MARGERY.

Thomas Tusser.

17. To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbours' subtlety.
18. To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.
19. To live by neighbour neighbourly,
And shew him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly;
But shew him not thy secrecy.
21. To use no friend deceitfully,
And offer no man villany.
22. To learn how foe to pacify;
But trust him not too trustily!
23. To keep thy touch substantially;
And in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly;
And come not bound through surety.
25. To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft and living naughtily.
26. To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross unluckily!

Thomas Tusser.

27. To stop mischance, through policy,
For chancing too unhappily.
28. To bear thy crosses patiently;
For worldly things are slippery!
29. To train thy child up virtuously,
That virtue, vice may qualify.
30. To bridle 'wild oats' fantasy.
To spend thee naught unthriftilly.
31. To pray to GOD continually,
To aid thee against thine enemy.
32. To spend the Sabbath holily;
And help the poor in misery.
33. To live in conscience quietly;
And keep thyself from malady.
34. To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.

These be the Steps unfeignedly
To climb to Thrift, by Husbandry.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S FEASTING DAYS.

FEASTING DAYS.

1. GOOD Housewives, whom GOD hath enrichèd enough,
Forget not the Feasts that belong to the Plough !
The meaning is only to joy and be glad ;
For comfort, with labour, is fit to be had.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

2. Plough Monday, next after that Twelfth-tide is past,
Bids, 'Out with the plough ! The worst husband is last !'
If Ploughman get hatchet, or whip, to the screen ;
Maids loseth their cock, if no water be seen !

SHROVETIDE.

3. At Shrovetide to shroving, go thrash the fat hen !
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men !
'Maids ! fritters and pancakes enough see ye make !
Let Slut have one pancake, for company's sake.'

SHEEP-SHEARING.

4. 'Wife ! make us a dinner ! Spare flesh, neither corn !
Make wafers and cakes ; for our sheep must be shorn !
At Sheep-shearing, neighbours none other thing crave
But Good Cheer and Welcome, like neighbours to have.'

Thomas Tusser.

THE WAKE DAY.

5. 'Fill oven with flaws! JENNY, pass not for sleep;
To-morrow, thy father, his Wake Day will keep!
Then every Wanton may dance at her will!
Both TOMKIN with TOMLIN; and JANKIN with GILL.'

HARVEST HOME.

6. For all this good feasting; yet art thou not loose
Till Ploughmanthou givest his Harvest Home goose.
Though goose go in stubble; I pass not for that!
Let goose have a goose; be she lean! be she fat!

SEED CAKE.

7. 'Wife! some time this week, if the weather hold clear,
An end of wheat sowing, we make for this year.
Remember you therefore, though I do it not,
The Seed Cake! the Pasties! the Furmenty Pot!'

TWICE A WEEK ROAST.

8. Good Ploughmen look, weekly, of custom and right,
For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night.
Thus doing and keeping such custom and guise;
They call thee, Good Housewife! They love thee
likewise!

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

AT BEAUTY'S Bar as I did stand,
When FALSE SUSPECT accusèd me,
'GEORGE!' quod the Judge, 'hold up thy hand!
Thou art arraigned of flattery;
Tell therefore, how thou wilt be tried?
Whose judgement here, wilt thou abide?'

'My Lord!' quod I, 'this Lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom shall please me best!
Let her be Judge and Juror both,
To try me guiltless, by mine oath!'

Quod BEAUTY, 'No! It fitteth not
A Prince herself to judge the cause;
WILL is our Justice, well you wot!
Appointed to discuss our laws.
If you will guiltless seem to go,
GOD and your country quit you so!'

Then CRAFT, the Crier, called a Quest,
Of whom was FALSEHOOD foremost fere.
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear.
The Jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said, 'I should be trussed!'

Captain George Gascoigne.

JEALOUS, the Jailor, bound me fast
To hear the verdict of the Bill.
'GEORGE!' quod the Judge, 'now, thou art cast!
Thou must go hence to Heavy Hill;
And there be hanged, all but the head.
GOD rest thy soul, when thou art dead!'

Down fell I then, upon my knee,
All flat before Dame BEAUTY's face,
And cried, 'Good Lady! pardon me;
Which here appeal unto your grace!
You know, if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you!

'And though this Judge do make such haste
To shed, with shame, my guiltless blood;
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man, that meant you good!
So shall you shew yourself a Queen;
And I may be your Servant seen.'

Quod BEAUTY, 'Well! because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judgèd thee,
Wilt thou be bound, to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?'

Captain George Gascoigne.

'Yea! Madam!' quod I, 'that I shall!
Lo! FAITH and TRUTH my Sureties!'
'Why then,' quod she, 'come, when I call!
I ask no better warrantise!'
Thus am I BEAUTY's bounden thrall;
At her command, when she doth call.

Ever or Never!

WITH her in arms, that had my heart in hold,
I stood, of late, to plead for pity so;
And as I did her lovely looks behold,
She cast a glance upon my rival foe.
His fleering face provokèd her to smile;
When my salt tears were drownèd in disdain.
He glad. I sad. He laughed, alas! the while!
I wept for woe! I pined for deadly pain!
And when I saw none other boot prevail,
But Reason's rule must guide my skilful mind;
'Why then,' quod I, 'old proverbs never fail!
For yet was never good cat out of kind;
Nor woman true! but, even as stories tell,
"Won with an egg; and lost again with shell!"'

THE LULLABY OF A LOVER.

SING, Lullaby! as women do;
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest.
And Lullaby! can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best!
With Lullaby, they still the child;
And, if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I;
Which must be stilled with Lullaby!

First, Lullaby my youthful years!
It is now time to go to bed;
For crookèd age and hoary hairs
Have won the[ir] haven within my head!
With Lullaby, then Youth be still!
With Lullaby, content thy will!
Since courage quails, and comes behind;
Go, sleep, and so beguile thy mind!

Next, Lullaby my gazing Eyes!
Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every Glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With Lullaby, then wink awhile!
With Lullaby, your looks beguile!
Let no fair face, nor Beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight!

Captain George Gascoigne.

And Lullaby my wanton Will!

Let Reason's rule now reign thy thought!

Since, all too late, I find, by skill,

How dear I have thy fancies bought!

With Lullaby, now takè thine ease!

With Lullaby, thy doubts appease!

For trust to this, if thou be still,

My body shall obey thy Will!

Fke Lullaby, my loving boy!

My little ROBIN, take thy rest!

Since age is cold, and nothing coy,

Keep close thy coin; for so is best!

With Lullaby, be thou content!

With Lullaby, thy lusts relent!

Let others pay, which hath mo pence;

Thou art too poor for such expense!

My Lullaby my Youth, mine Eyes,

My Will, my Ware, and all that was!

My all my delays devise;

My all my Pain! let Pleasure pass!

My all my now take your leave!

My all my dreams deceive!

My all my rise, with waking eye,

My all my this Lullaby!

Adieu, or Never!

John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

BACK and side go bare! go bare!
Both foot and hand go cold!
But belly, God send thee good ale enough;
Whether it be new or old!

I cannot eat but little meat; my stomach is not good;
But, sure, I think that I can drink with him that wears a hood!
Though I go bare; take ye no care, I am nothing acold!
I stuff my skin so full within of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare! go bare! &c.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast, and a crab laid in the fire!
A little bread shall do me stead! much bread I not desire!
No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow, can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapped, and throughly lapped of jolly good ale
and old!

Back and side go bare! go bare! &c.

And TYB my Wife, that as her life loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see the tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troll to me the bowl, even as a Malt Worm
should;
And saith, 'Sweet Heart! I took my part of this jolly good
ale and old!'

Back and side go bare! go bare! &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink, even as Good
Fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss good ale doth bring men to!
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls, or have them
lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their Wives, whether they
be young or old!

Back and side go bare! go bare! &c.

LOOK, ERE YOU LEAP!

IF thou in surety safe wilt sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spend no more words than shall seem fit!
Let tongue, in silence, talk expel!
In all things that thou seest men bent;
See all! say nought! hold thee content!

In worldly works degrees are three,
Makers, Doers, and Lookers-on.
The Lookers-on have liberty,
Both the others to judge upon;
Wherefore, in all, as men are bent,
See all! say nought! hold thee content!

The Makers oft are in fault found;
The Doers doubt of praise, or shame;
The Lookers-on find surest ground;
They have the fruit, yet free from blame:
This doth persuade in all here meant,
See all! say nought! hold thee content!

The proverb is not, South and West,
Which hath been said, long time ago,
'Of little meddling cometh rest;
The busy man ne'er wanteth woe!'
The best way is, in all worlds, sent,
See all! say nought! hold thee content!

*A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS EYE.*

AUTHOR. My Eye! why didst thou light on that which was not thine?
Why hast thou, with thy sight, thus slain a Heart of mine?
O, thou unhappy Eye! Would God! thou hadst been blind,
When first thou didst her spy; for whom this grief I find!

EYE. Why, Sir! It is not I, that do deserve such blame!
Your Fancy, not your Eye, is causer of the same!
For I am ready pressed, as Page that serves your ease,
To search what thing is best, that might your Fancy please.

AUTHOR. I sent thee forth to see; but not so long to bide!
Though Fancy went with thee, thou wert my Fancy's guide!
Thy message being done, thou mightst return again!
So CUPID, VENUS' son, no whit my heart should pain.

EYE. Where Fancy beareth sway, there CUPID will be bold;
And Reason flies away from CUPID's shaft of gold!
If you find cause[d] thereby, some deal of painful smart;
Alas! blame not your Eye; but blame consent of Heart!

AUTHOR. My Heart must I excuse, and lay the fault on thee;
Because thy sight did choose, when Heart from thought
was free.
Thy sight thus brought consent; consent hath bred my grief;
And grief bids, Be content! with sorrow for relief.

VERSES

*WRITTEN OF TWENTY GOOD PRECEPTS,
AT THE REQUEST OF MASTER ROBERT CUDDEN,
OF GRAY'S INN.*

OLD friendship binds (though fain I would refuse!),
In this discourse, to please your honest mind!
For trust me, friend! the counselling words I use,
Are rather forced of cause, than come of kind!

Your Themes are short! and yet in substance large,
As of the least, some would a volume write!
The first, *Serve GOD!* a service of such charge
As should not be forslowèd day or night!

For what we do, is present in his eye;
Well-doing, then, He must with grace regard!
And, using course, if He ill-doing spy,
He cannot but the lewd with wrath reward!

Obe thy Prince! or Tyburn cool thy pride!
The head commands the feet to go, or stay;
So we, our Prince, even as our head and guide,
In what she wills, of duty must obey!

George Whetstone.

Like well thy friend! but try him ere thou love!
For friends, we may, to Æsop's tongues compare!
The faithful friend, no fortune can remove!
The fair-mouth foe, in need doth feed thy care!

Shun many words! A sentence short and sweet!
For lavish speech is cause of much unrest.
It makes men oft their friends in sorrow meet;
And best applied, fair words sold 'bide the test!

Avoid anger! or look to live in woe!
The harebrained jade is far more spurred and beat
Than cooler horse, which meaner metal shows.
The like reward the hasty man doth get!

Appease debate! An honest work in truth!
Much physic oft increaseth sickly qualms.
Recounting wrongs so many makes so wroth
As lives, legs, arms, are often dealt for alms!

Be merciful! Have DIVES' scourge in mind!
None lives so just but some way doth offend!
Then, cruel man! what favour shouldst thou find,
When thou thy ears, to pity will not bend?

Slander no man! Mirth is a leech to moan!
Health, physic helps, Fortune restoreth wealth;
But honest fame, by slander spoiled and gone,
Health, Wealth, nor Mirth can satisfy the stealth!

George Whetstone.

Report the truth! Once there, one trial stands.
Note well, the fall of good SUSANNA's foes!
Upon thy life oft lieth life and lands!
A weighty charge, lest thou the truth disclose.

Take heed of drink! Therein much mischief lies!
It doth disclose the secrets of the breast!
What worse account than for none to be wise;
When none is past to be esteemed a beast!

Disdain no man! Misjudgement often blinds!
All is not fire like flame, that seems to blaze!
Once homely weeds oft hide more gallant minds
Than gaudy coats, which set each eye to gaze.

Thy secrets keep! or make thyself a slave!
The babbling fool is made a jesting stock!
When closely men account, and credit have;
Then best that thou thy tongue with silence lock!

Try, ere thou trust thy faith, lest falsehood 'quite!
The crocodile, with tears doth win her prey!
The Flatterer so, doth seem a Saint in sight;
To cut thy throat, in absence, if he may!

Cherish the poor! A work in Nature due.
Brute beasts relieve the feeble of their kind.
Then, Man! for shame, with succour, see thou rue
Of Man distressed, the sick, the lame, or blind!

George Whetstone.

Aid honest minds! and praise shall be thy meed!
The subtle wretch, for pence, with fraud will fish!
The honest man had rather starve in need,
Than, by deceit, to feed dishonest wish!

Shun wanton Dames! as Sirens they entice!
Both body and purse, they witch, wound, and waste!
And, in the end (for all this saucy price!),
Their sweet delights, of sour repentance taste!

Succour Soldiers! They watch to keep thy wealth!
In wars they serve, that thou in peace mayst feed!
Then if, through lack, the soldier live by stealth,
I wish a Churl fair hangèd in his stead!

Strangers favour! Thy fortune is unknown!
In Youth, or Age, none lives but needs a friend!
And, using grace, if thou be overthrown,
Thou yet mayst hope, thy grief with grace to end!

Provide for age! or look to die with grief!
Some, forced through shame, their agèd friends do aid.
But Oh! sour looks so salve this sweet relief,
As, day and night, with sighs they are dismayed!

Think on thy end! The tide for none doth wait!
Even so, pale Death, for no man's will doth stay!
Then, while thou mayst, thy worldly reck'ning straight!
Lest, when thou wouldst, Death doth good will dismay!

OF BEAUTY AND BOUNTY.

WHEN BEAUTY, VENUS' daughter dear, from JOVE descended down,
To reign on earth an Empress here, with sceptre and with crown,
To PLEASURE's Palace she repaired, where, with a princely port,
She held an open household long, in feasts and royal sport.
The fame whereof ran through the World so shrill in every ear,
That well was him, and glad was she, that might come banquet there.

The Lists were made, the Scaffold decked, each thing in good array,
The Lords full brave, the Ladies fine, the Courtiers trim and gay.
And as these States in triumph were all placed in their degrees,
And to behold the shivered staves, the people swarmed like bees;
In stepped a goodly armèd Knight, on courser white as snow,
And twice he passed the Tilt about, as soft as horse could go.
And when he came where BEAUTY sat, he paused with bowèd head,
And loud in open audience then, 'All hail ! fair Queen !' he said.
'I come,' quod he, 'from MANHOOD's Court, the worthiest Prince alive,
Who keeps his Kingdom all by sword, and doth for honour strive,
By battle, and by breaking lance : who sent me hither plain,
To challenge, for my Mistress' sake, the stoutest in thy Train.'

No sooner he his message said, but in there rushed a band;
Whose clattering harness caused their steeds upon no ground to stand.
The dust flew up. The press did shrink. The foaming horses neighed.
The trumpets blew. The lance in rest, the spurs on sides, they laid.
'Fie, coward Knights !' quod COURAGE then, 'can all you fight
with one ?'
So they retired ; and to the shock, came YOUTH all armed alone.

Captain Thomas Churchyard.

These Champions met, as earth should shake, so fierce they seemed
to be,

As man become a lion wood, and horse in air should fly.

At each encounter crashed their staves, and fell amid the throng.

The buffets were so freely dealt, the blood through beaver sprung.

The Queen cried, 'Holla! Cease!' quod she, 'you turn your
sport to spite!

Some cause your choler doth increase; and mars the pastime quite!'

'Acause!' quod YOUTH, 'most worthy Dame, and my liege Ladydear!

Came ever yet before a Prince, so stout a Challenge here?

Who dare with VENUS' daughter boast, Dame BEAUTY justly called,

That came from skies, and sat next JOVE, in sacred honour stalled.

Though BEAUTY sprang from earthly cause, and had but shape of kind,

And did no heavenly gifts possess, nor virtues lodge in mind;

Yet BOLDNESS' churlish Challenge brave, too saucy is, you know!

And BEAUTY hath too many friends, to see her handled so!'

When BOLDNESS heard this taunting tale, and marked the people's
cheer,

He thrust through the thickest throng, and drew the Scaffold near,

And, all on knees, he craved to speak, and answer to his case.

On whom the Queen, for honour's sake, did shew a gracious face.

'Speak on!' quod she. So stepped he up; and thus to her he said.

'O, puissant Prince! thinks YOUTH, of brags that BOLDNESS stands
afraid!

I am a branch of MANHOOD's blood; that STOUT CONCEIT begat,

The hope and help of high attempts, and stay of every State.

That hither came, for that no Court can be where I am not,

No Tourney seen, no Triumph made, no fame nor glory got.

And wot you well! a Princess too, in Court I serve this hour,

That is as great in some respects, as she is small in power.

If stately honour can be guessed, by goodly graces trim;

Or perfect beauty be possessed where BOUNTY swims at brim;

Captain Thomas Churchyard.

Or wisdom under seemly shades may shine, or yet be seen.
My Mistress is a worthy Dame, though BEAUTY be a Queen !
Report hath blown to MANHOOD's ears the truth of that I tell.
Then BOLDNESS needs not blush to boast, that BOUNTY bears the bell !
And since you license me to speak ; I dare, devoid of blame,
Light such a torch unto your eyes, shall show this Lady's name.

‘When sky is clear, and summer set, to shew the weather fair,
I mean, when calmly blows the wind, and pleasant is the air ;
A Marigold then you may find, full near an Eglantine : [shine.
Whose flowers, within the North, new bud ; and yet in Court doth
Her countenance carries such a State, full right amid her face,
As though therein, the Muses nine had made their mansion place.
A rattling sound, unto your ears, of her now here I show ;
Now rack and wrest my meaning out, and you my mind shall know.’

This said, each one on other looked, and he on horseback leapt
And some, that dwelt in their conceit, full close in corners crept.
The glorious sort, that gaped for fame where no deserts could be,
Did draw aback, and pressed apace, with plain reproach to flee.
The haughty minds held down their heads, high looks gan blush for
fear.

As YOUTH beheld this sudden change, he thought, no tarrying there.

The Gods, regarding from the stars, what strife by BEAUTY rose,
Bade VENUS call her daughter home : and homeward so she goes.

Then saw I BOLDNESS turn again, who gave, for BOUNTY's wear,
A garland of the goodliest flowers that ever earth did bear :
And forced her for to take the same, in sign of glory won ;
As BEAUTY mounted to the Gods, and all the Triumph done.

The people, seeing BEAUTY gone, with one assent did cry,
‘That BOUNTY pleased more their minds, than BEAUTY did the eye!’

A DREAM.

LAID in my quiet bed to rest,
When sleep my senses all had drowned,
Such dreams arose within my breast
As did with fear my mind confound.

Methought, I wandered in a Wood,
Which was as dark as Pit of Hell,
In most whereof such waters stood,
That where to pass, I could not tell!

The lion, tiger, wolf, and bear,
There thundered forth such hideous cries,
As made huge echoes in the air,
And seemed almost to pierce the skies.

Long vexed with care, I there abode;
And to get forth, I wanted power.
At every footstep that I trod,
I feared some beast would me devour!

Abiding thus perplexed with pain,
This case within myself I scanned,
That human help was all in vain,
Unless the LORD with us do stand.

Humphrey Gifford.

Then falling flat upon my face,
In humble sort, to GOD I prayed,
That, in this dark and dreadful place,
He would vouchsafe to be mine aid !

Arising then, a wight with wings,
Of ancient years, methinks, I see :
A burning torch in hand he brings ;
And thus began to speak to me.

‘That GOD, whose aid thou didst implore,
Hath sent me hither, for thy sake !
Pluck up thy sp’rits ! Lament no more !
With me, thou must thy journey take !’

Against a huge and lofty hill,
With swiftest pace, methinks, we go ;
Where such a sound mine ears did fill,
As moved my heart to bleed for woe.

Methought, I heard a woeful wight,
In doleful sort pour forth great plaints ;
Whose cries did so my mind affright,
That, even with fear, each member faints.

‘Fie !’ quoth my guide, ‘what means this change ?
Pass on apace, with courage bold !
Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
Where wondrous things thou mayst behold !’

Humphrey Gifford.

Then came we to a Fort of Brass;
Where, peering through great iron grates,
We saw a woman sit, alas!
Which ruthfully bewailed her fates.

Her face was far more white than snow;
And on her head a crown she ware,
Beset with stones, that glistered so
As hundred torches had been there.

Her Song was, 'Woe, and well away!
What torments here do I sustain!'
A new mishap did her dismay,
Which more and more increased her pain.

An ugly creature, all in black,
Ran to her seat, and flang her down;
Who rent her garments from her back,
And spoiled her of her precious crown.

This crown he placed upon his head;
And, leaving her in doleful case,
With swiftest pace, away he fled:
And darkness came in all the place.

But then to hear the woeful moan
And piteous groans that she forth sent!
He had, no doubt, a heart of stone,
That could give ear, and not lament!

Then quoth my guide, ' Note well my talk;
And thou shalt hear this Dream declared!
The Wood, in which thou first didst walk,
Unto the World may be compared.

'The roaring beasts plainly express
The sundry Snares, in which we fall;
This Gaoi is named Deep Distress,
In which Dame VIRTUE lies as thrall.

'She is the wight which here within
So dolefully doth howl and cry.
Her foe is called DEADLY SIN,
That proffered her this villany.

'My name is TIME, whom GOD hath sent
To warn thee of thy soul's decay!
In time, therefore, thy sins lament;
Lest time from thee be ta'en away!'

As soon as he, these words had said,
With swiftest pace away he flies!
And I hereat was so afraid,
That drowsy sleep forsook mine eyes.

Humphrey Gifford.

FOR SOLDIERS.

YE buds of BRUTUS' land, courageous Youths, now play your parts !
Unto your tackle stand ! Abide the brunt, with valiant hearts !
For news is carried to and fro, That we must forth to warfare go !
Men muster now in every place ; and soldiers are pressed forth apace !
Faint not ! Spend blood, to do your Queen and country good !
Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away !

The time of war is come ! Prepare your corslet, spear, and shield !
Methinks, I hear the drum strike doleful marches to the Field !
'Tantara ! Tantara !' the trumpets sound ; which makes our hearts with
joy abound.
The roaring guns are heard afar, and every thing denounceth war.
Serve GOD ! Stand stout ! Bold courage brings this gear about !
Fear not ! Forth run ! Faint heart, fair Lady never won !

Ye curious Carpet Knights, that spend the time in sport and play,
Abroad, and see new sights ! Your country's cause calls you away !
Do not, to make your Ladies game, bring blemish to your worthy name !
Away to Field, and win renown ! With courage, beat your enemies down !
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in Slander's seas !
Hap what hap shall, we, sure, shall die but once for all !

'Alarm !' methinks they cry. Be packing, Mates ! Be gone with speed !
Our foes are very nigh ! Shame have that man that shrinks at need !
Unto it boldly let us stand ! GOD will give right the upper hand !
Our cause is good, we need not doubt ! In sign of courage, give a shout !
March forth ! Be strong ! Good hap will come ere it be long !
Shrink not ! Fight well ! For lusty lads must bear the bell !

All you that will shun evil, must dwell in warfare every day !
The World, the Flesh, and Devil always do seek our souls' decay,
Strive with these foes, with all your might ! So shall you fight a worthy
fight !

That conquest doth deserve most praise, where Vice does yield to
Virtue's ways.
Beat down foul sin ! A worthy crown then shall ye win !
If we live well, in Heaven with CHRIST our souls shall dwell !

A DREAM.

To climb the high and haughty hill,
Where Poets press for praise by skill,
 I list no labour waste!
The Water Nymphs, I never viewed;
Nor Ladies of the Lake pursued,
 That poor ACTÆON chased!
King ARTHUR's Knights long since are fled,
 In force that did excel:
And all those Ladies now lie dead,
 Whose lives old Poets tell.
 Revealing their dealing,
 I purpose not to write:
 But dreaming a strange thing;
 Lo! here I do recite.

A fair pavilion finely pight,
In sleep, appearèd in my sight;
Amidst whereof, in green and white,
The Goddess sat of all delight;
Beset about with Ladies true,
Which did to her such service due,
As few, I deem, the like hath seen
Idone to any earthly Queen.

Thomas Howell.

Her Nymphs all, they were
Of such comely cheer,
HELEN's face may give place,
Where they appear.

These Ladies, on this Goddess bright
Attendance gave both day and night,
 To work what she would will;
Some sitting here, some standing there,
As for the time they placèd were,
 According to their skill.
For VENUS then, in majesty,
 Methought, in banquet sat;
Attended on most curiously,
 As best beseemed her State,
 Some serving,
 Some carving,
In Office as they stood.
 Some playing,
 Some singing,
With glad and cheerful mood.

That, sure, methought, in Heaven I was,
To see this sight, it so did pass!
But, at the last, this banquet past,
Of Suitors then, a noble rout

Thomas Howell.

There did appear, with drooping cheer,
Beseeching VENUS, them to hear!
Who straight inclined, with willing mind,
To peise the plaints that each put out.
 Wherewithal kneeled down
 A wight of renown;
 Who cried thus, 'O, VENUS!
 Let Fate cease to frown!

'Have pity on her painful plight;
Whose life is led without delight,
 In sighs and sorrows still!
My youth,' said she, 'with age I waste!
For wealth, my parents me so placed;
 God know'th against my will!'
With that, another stepped in place;
 And craved, with wailing voice,
'O, noble Goddess! of thy grace,
 Grant me, my wishèd choice!'
 Thus seeking, Dame liking,
 They call on VENUS high!
 Still suing, renewing
 Their plaints with wat'ry eye.

Some out do cry on jealousy!
And some, of great uncourtesy
With tears complain, that find disdain;
Where they have lovèd faithfully.

Thomas Howell.

Another sort do eke resort,
Exclaiming loud on false report;
Whereby their fame and noble name,
Without desert, oft bruit doth blame;
And some Ladies say,
Their Lords run astray;
Whose wanting, and scanting,
Oft works their decay!

As thus, in course, each made his plaint;
I, woeful wretch! through love attaint,
In press myself did vaunt;
And unto VENUS, as I thought,
I hasted fast, and her besought
My Lady's love to grant!
But, out! alas! even therewithal
A sudden thund'ring noise,
As Heaven and Earth should fail and fall,
My sp'rits from sleep did raise.
Then waking, heart aching,
I languished lay in woe;
Bewailing the failing
Of wished purpose so.

And to myself, lo! thus I said,
'What strangèd sight hath me dismayed!
May visions rare, or dreams, declare
Such sudden change from joy to care?

Thomas Howell.

From great delight, such moaning cheer,
May Goddesses abide to hear?
No! No! Nought else but Fancy, sure,
My yielding heart doth lead and lure,
 Aye the wight to mind,
 Where love doth me bind;
 Whose Servant attendant,
 The Gods me assigned!'

OF THE GOLDEN WORLD.

'THE Golden World is past,' saith some:
But now say I, 'That World is come!
Now all things may, for gold be had,
For gain of gold, both good and bad!
Now honour high for gold is bought;
That earst of greater price was thought.
For gold, the fool aloft doth rise;
And oft is placed above the wise.
For gold, the subtle shew their skill.
For gold, the wicked win their will.
For gold, who shuns to wrest a wrong,
And make it seem as right and strong?
Who spares to plead as pleaseth thee;
If bring thou do a golden fee?

Thomas Howell.

The fatherless is quite forgot ;
Where golden gifts do fall to lot.
For gold, the Widow is oppressed ;
And rightful heirs are dispossessed.
Poor IRUS' cause, at door doth stand,
If CRÆSUS come with gold in hand.
What mischief may almost be thought,
That now, for gold, not daily wrought ?
A heap of ills, for gold are cloaked ;
Yea ! Vice, for gold, hath Virtue choked.
For gain of gold, the flatterer smiles ;
And oft thee fawns, with sundry wiles.
I will not here, though golden traps,
Say, Lovers light in Ladies' laps !
But, brief to be, What can you crave,
That now, for gold, you may not have ?
Then, truth to tell, and not to feign,
Right now the Golden World doth reign !'

Queen Elizabeth.

“I was fair and young, and favour gracèd me,
As I was I sought, their Mistress for to be:
I scorn them all, and answered them therefore,
“Go, go, seek some otherwhere!”
Importune me no more!”

“With weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
With sighing hearts, I have no skill to show:
My colour grew, and answered them therefore,
“Go, go, seek some otherwhere!”
Importune me no more!”

“O Venus’ son, that proud victorious Boy,
O Dame! since that you be so coy;
I’ll lose your plumes, that you shall say no more,
“Go, go, seek some otherwhere!”
Importune me no more!”

“To these words, such change grew
In my heart,
From that day since that, I could take

“Go, go, seek some otherwhere!”
Importune me no more!”

Queen Elizabeth.

I GRIEVE; and dare not show my discontent!
I love; and yet am forced to seem to hate!
I do; yet dare not say, I ever meant!
I seem stark mute; but inwardly do prate!
I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burned;
Since from myself, my other self I turned!

My care is like my shadow in the sun;
Follows me, flying! flies, when I pursue it!
Stands and lies by me! do'th what I have done!
This too familiar CARE doth make me rue it!
Nor means I find, to rid him from my breast,
Till, by the end of things, it be suppress.

Some gentler Passions slide into my mind;
For I am soft, and made of melting snow.
Or be more cruel, LOVE! and so be kind:
Let me, or float, or sink! be high, or low!
Or let me live with some more sweet content;
Or die! and so forget what Love e'er meant.

AURORA now began to rise again
From wat'ry couch, and from old TITHON's side,
In hope to kiss, upon Acteian plain,
Young CEPHALUS, and through the golden glide.

On eastern coast she cast so great a light,
That PHŒBUS thought it time to make retire
From THETIS' bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world again with heavenly fire.

No sooner gan his wingèd steeds to chase
The Stygian night, mantled in dusky veil,
But poor AMYNTAS hasteth him apace,
In deserts, thus to weep a woeful tale.

'Now, silent Shades, and all that dwell therein,
As birds, or beasts, or worms that creep on
ground,
Dispose yourselves to tears! while I begin
To rue the grief of mine eternal wound.

'And, doleful Ghosts! whose nature flies the light,
Come, seat yourselves with me on ev'ry side;
And, whilst I die, for want of my delight,
Lament the woes that Fancy me betide!

'PHILLIS is dead! the mark of my desire,
My cause of love, and shipwreck of my joys.
PHILLIS is gone! that set my heart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous anns.

‘PHILLIS is fled! and bides, I know not where!
PHILLIS, alas! the praise of Womankind;
PHILLIS, the sun of this our hemisphere;
Whose beams made me, and many others, blind.

‘But blinded me, poor man! above the rest,
That, like old CÆDIPUS, I live in thrall:
Still feel the worst, and never hope the best!
My mirth is moan! my honey drowned in gall!

‘Her fair, but cruel, eyes bewitched my sight!
Her sweet, but fading, speech enthralled my thought!
And in her deeds, I reaped such delight
As brought both will and liberty to nought.

‘Therefore, all hope of happiness, Adieu!
Adieu, Desire! the source of all my care.
Despair me tells, my weal will ne’er renew
Till this, my soul, doth pass in CHARON’S crare.

‘Meantime, my mind must suffer Fortune’s scorn;
My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are
green;
My weakened limbs be laid on beds of thorn.
My life decays, although my death foreseen.

‘Mine eyes (now eyes no more; but seas of tears!),
Weep on your fill! to cool my burning breast:
Where LOVE did place Desire ’twixt Hope and Fears.
I say, Desire, the author of unrest!

'And, would to Gods! PHILLIS! where'er thou be,
Thy soul did see the sour of mine estate!
My joys eclipsed, for only want of thee!
My being, with myself, at foul debate!

'My humble vows! my sufferance of woe!
My sobs and sighs and ever-watching eyes!
My plaintive tears! my wand'ring to and fro!
My will to die! my never-ceasing cries!

'No doubt but then, thy sorrows would persuade
The doom of Death to cut my vital twist;
That I with thee, amidst th' Infernal Shade,
And thou with me, might sport us, as we list!

'O, if thou wait in fair PROSERPINE's Train,
And hearest ORPHEUS, near th' Elysian springs;
Entreat thy Queen, to free thee thence again!
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings!'

How long, with vain complaining,
How long, with dreary tears, and joys refraining,
Shall we renew his dying!
Whose happy soul is flying,
Not in a place of sadness,
But of eternal gladness.

Sweet SIDNEY lives in Heaven! Therefore let our weeping
Be turned to Hymns and Songs of pleasant greeting!

Thomas Watson.

IN prime of youthly years, as then not wounded
With Love's imprisoned dart, or bitter gall;
Nor mind, nor thoughts, on fickle Fancy grounded;
But careless hunting after Pleasure's ball:
I took delight to laugh at Lovers' folly;
Accounting Beauty but a fading blossom!
What I esteemed profane, they deemèd holy;
Joying the thraldom, which I counted loathsome.
Their complaints were such, as nothing might relieve them!
Their hearts did wellnigh break, Love's pain enduring!
Yet still I smiled, to see how Love did grieve them;
Unwise they were, their sorrows self-procuring!
Thus whilst they honoured CUPID for a God;
I held him as a Boy, not past the rod!

LONG time I fought, and fiercely wagèd war
Against the God of amorous desire!
Who sets the Senses, 'mongst themselves at jar;
The heart inflaming with his lustful fire.
The wingèd Boy, upon his mother's knee
Wantonly playing, near to Paphos' shrine,
Scorning that I should check his Deity,
Whose dreaded power tamèd the Gods divine,
From forth his quiver drew the keenest dart,
Wherewith high JOVE he oftentimes had wounded,
And fiercely aimed it at my stubborn heart:
But back again the idle shaft rebounded!
LOVE saw, and frowned that he was so beguiled.
I laughed outright; and VENUS sweetly smiled.

SHE smiled to see her son in such a rage;
I laughed to think how I had LOVE prevented!
He frowned, and vowed, Nought should his ire assuage
Till I had stooped to Love; and Love repented!
The more he raged, the greater grew our laughter!
The more we laughed, the fiercer was his ire!
And, in his anger, swore my poor heart's slaughter;
Which in my breast Beauty should set on fire.
Fair VENUS, seeing her dear son in choler,
Fearing mishap by his too hasty anger,
Persuaded him, that she would work my dolour;
And, by her means, procure my endless languor.
So LOVE and Love's Queen (LOVE having consented)
Agreed that I by Love should be tormented!

THO, taking in her lap the God of Love,
She lightly mounted through the crystal air,
And in her coach, ydrawn with silver doves,
To VULCAN's smoky forge she did repair.
Where, having won the CYCLOPS to her will,
LOVE's quiver fraught with arrows of the best,
His bended bow in hand, all armed to kill;
He vowed revenge, and threatened my unrest.
And to be sure that he would deadly strike me,
His blindfold eyes he did a while uncover;
Choosing an arrow that should much mislike me,
He bade, 'Wound him that scorns to be a Lover!'
But when he saw his bootless arrow shiver;
He brake his bow, and cast away his quiver!

HOPELESS, and helpless too, poor LOVE amated
To see himself affronted with disdain;
And all his skill and power spent in vain
At me, the only object that he hated.
Now CYTHEREA, from Olympus mount
Descending from the Sphere, with her dear son,
With dovelike wings to Acidalion.
LOVE on her knee, she, by the crystal fount,
Advised the Boy, What scandal it would be
If Fame should, to the open World discover,
How I survived and scorned LOVE's sacred power!
Then CUPID, lightly leaping from her knee,
Unto his mother vowed my discontenting.
Unhappy vow, the ground of my lamenting!

Then, on the sudden, fast away he fled!
He fled apace, as from pursuing foe;
Ne ever looked he back, ne turned his head,
Until he came where as he wrought my woe.
Tho, casting from his back his bended bow,
He quickly clad himself in strange disguise;
In strange disguise that no man might him know,
So couched himself within my Lady's eyes.
But in her eyes, such glorious beams did shine,
That wellnigh burnt LOVE's particoloured wings.
Whilst I stood gazing on her sun-bright eyen,
The wanton Boy, She in my bosom flings!
He built his pleasant bower in my breast;
So I in love, and LOVE in me, doth rest!

Thomas Watson.

IN long time past, when, in DIANA's chase,
A bramble bush pricked VENUS in the foot,
Old ÆSCULAPIUS helped her heavy case,
Before the hurt had taken any root :
Wherehence, although his beard were crisping hard,
She yielded him a kiss for his reward.

My luck was like to his, this other day,
When She whom I, on earth do worship most,
For kissing me, vouchsafed thus to say,
'Take this for once! and make thereof no boast!'
Forthwith my heart gave sign of joy by skips;
As though our souls had joined, by joining lips.

And since that time, I thought it not amiss
To judge which was the best of all these three;
Her Breath, her Speech, or that her dainty Kiss?
And, sure, of all the Kiss best likèd me!
For that was it, which did revive my heart,
Oppressed and almost dead with daily smart.

COME, gentle DEATH! *Who calls? One that's opprest!*
What is thy will? That thou abridge my woe,
By cutting off my life! Cease thy request!
I cannot kill thee yet! Alas! why so?
Thou want'st thy heart! Who stole the same away?
LOVE, whom thou serv'st. Intreat him, if thou may!

Thomas Watson.

Come, come, come, LOVE! *Who calleth me so oft?*
Thy vassal true, whom thou shouldst know by right.
What makes thy cry so faint? My voice is soft,
And almost spent, by wailing day and night.
Why then, what's thy request? That thou restore
To me my heart; and steal the same no more!

And thou, O, DEATH! when I possess my heart,
Dispatch me then at once! *Why so?*
By promise, thou art bound to end my smart!
Why if thy heart return; then what's thy woe?
That, brought from cold, it never will desire
To rest with me; which am more hot than fire.

THIS latter night, amidst my troubled rest,
A dismal dream my fearful heart appalled;
Whereof the sum was this. LOVE made a feast
To which all neighbour Saints and Gods were called.
The cheer was more than mortal men can think;
And mirth grew on, by taking in their drink.

Then JOVE, amidst his cups, for service done,
Gan thus to jest with GANYMEDE, his boy.
'I fain would find for thee, my pretty son,
A fairer Wife, than PARIS brought to Troy!'
'Why, Sir!' quoth he, 'if PHŒBUS stand my friend,
Who knows the World, this gear will soon have end!'

Thomas Watson.

Then Jove replied, 'That PHŒBUS should not choose,
But do his best to find the fairest face :
And She, once found, should neither will, nor choose ;
But yield herself, and change her dwelling-place.'
Alas! how much was then my heart affright!
Which bade me wake, and watch my fair delight.

*THE NYMPHS, MEETING THEIR MAY QUEEN,
ENTERTAIN HER WITH THIS DITTY.*

With fragrant flowers, we strew the way ;
And make this our chief holiday :
For though this clime was blessed of yore ;
Yet was it never proud before!
O, beauteous Queen of second Troy!
Accept of our unfeignèd joy!

Now th' air is sweeter than sweet balm ;
And Satyrs dance about the palm !
Now earth, with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight!
O, beauteous Queen of second Troy! &c.

Now birds record new harmony ;
And trees do whistle melody !
Now every thing that Nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds!
O, beauteous Queen of second Troy! &c.

AWAY, Despair! the death of hopeless hearts!
For Hope and Truth assured me long ago,
That Pleasure is the end of ling'ring smarts;
When time, with just content rewardeth woe.
Sweet Virtue's Throne is built in Labour's Tower!
Where laurel wreaths are twist for them alone
Whose galls are burst, with often tastèd sour; [moan.
Whose bliss, from bale is sprung; whose mirth, from
I therefore strive by toils to raise my name,
And JASON-like to gain a Golden Fleece.
The end of ev'ry work doth crown the same,
As witness well the happy harms of Greece;
For if the Greeks had soon got PRIAM's seat,
The glory of their pains had not been great! *

AUTHOR. IN all this world, I think none loves but I!
ECHO. None loves but I! AUTHOR. Thou foolish tattling guest!
In this, thou tell'st a lie! *ECHO. Thou tell'st a lie!*
AUTHOR. Why! LOVE himself, he lodgeth in my breast!
ECHO. He lodgeth in my breast! AUTHOR. I pine for grief;
And yet I want relief! *ECHO. I want relief!*
AUTHOR. No star more fair than She whom I adore!
ECHO. Than He whom I adore! AUTHOR. Herehence I burn
Still more and more! *ECHO. I burn still more and more!*
AUTHOR. LOVE, let my heart return! *ECHO. My heart, return!*
AUTHOR. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest moan,
And whom I love, but one? *ECHO. I love but one!*
AUTHOR. O, Heavens! Is there in Love, no end of ills?

Thomas Watson.

ECHO. In Love, no end of ills! *AUTHOR. Thou prattling voice,
Dwell'st thou in th' air; or but in hollow hills?*

ECHO. In hollow hills! *AUTHOR. Cease off, to vaunt thy choice!*

ECHO. Cease off, to vaunt thy choice! *AUTHOR. I would reply;
But here, for love I die! ECHO. For love I die!*

THE Soldier, worn with wars, delights in peace!
The Pilgrim, in his ease, when toils are past!
The Ship, to gain the port, when storms do cease;
And I rejoice, from LOVE discharged at last!
Whom while I served, peace, rest, and land I lost!
With grievesome wars, with toils, with storms betost!

Sweet Liberty now gives me leave to sing!
What world it was, where LOVE the rule did bear!
How foolish Chance, by lots, ruled every thing!
How Error was mainsail! each wave a Tear!
The Master, LOVE himself! Deep Sighs, the wind!
Cares rowed with Vows the ship *Unmerry Mind!*

False Hope as helm oft turned the boat about.
Inconstant Faith stood up for middle mast.
Despair the cable, twisted all with Doubt,
Held Gripping Grief, the pickèd anchor, fast;
Beauty was all the rocks. But I, at last,
Am now twice free; and all my love is past!

THE NIGHT IS NEIR GONE.

- HAY! nou the day dauis!
The jolie cok crauis!
Nou shroudis the shauis
Throu Natur anone.
The thissell-cok cryis
On Lovers wha lyis.
Nou skaillis the skyis.
The night is neir gone!

The feildis ouerflouis
With gouans that grouis,
Quhair lilies lyk lou is,
Als rid as the rone.
The turtill that treu is,
With nots that reneuis,
Hir pairtie perseuis.
The night is neir gone!

Captain Alexander Montgomerie.

Now hairtis and hyndis
Conforme to thair kyndis,
Hie tursis thair tyndis
 On grund vhair they grone.
Nou hurchonis, with hairis,
Ay passis in pairis ;
Quhilk deuly declaris
 The night is neir gone !

The sesone excellis
Thruugh sweetnes that smellis;
Now CUPID compellis
 Our hartis echone
On VENUS vha vaikis,
To muse on our Maikis,
Syn sing, for thair saikis,
 The night is neir gone !

All curageous Knichtis,
Agains the day dichtis
The breist plate that bright is,
 To fecht with thair fone.
The stoued steed stampis,
Throo courage and crampis,
Syn on the land lampis.
 The night is neir gone !

Captain Alexander Montgomerie.

The freikis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bright shieldis
As TITAN in trone.
Stiff speiris in reistis,
Ouer cursoris cristis,
Ar brok on thair breistis.
The night is neir gone!

So hard ar thair hittis,
Some sueyis, some sittis,
And some, perforce, flittis
On grund vhill they grone.
Syn groomis that gay is,
On blonkis that brayis,
With suordis assayis.
The night is neir gone!

Captain Alexander Montgomerie.

A BONY 'No!' with smyling looks agane.
I wald ye leirnd, sen they so comely ar.
As touching 'Yes!' if ye suld speik so plane,
I might reprove you to haif said so far!
Noght that your grant, in ony wayis, nicht gar
Me loth the fruit, that curage ocht to chuse!
Bot I wald only haif you seme to skar;
And let me tak it, fenyeing to refuse.

And warsill, as it war, against your will;
Appeiring angrie, thought ye haif no yre:
For haif, ye heir, is haldin half a fill.
I speik not this, as trouing for to tyre;
Bot, as the forger, when he feeds his fyre
With sparks of water, maks it burne more bald;
So sueet denyall doubillis hot desyr;
And quickins curage fra becomming cald.

Wald ye be made of? ye man mak it nyce!
For dainties heir ar delicat and deir;
Bot plenty things are prysyde to lytill pryce:
Then thocht ye hearken, let no wit ye heir;
Bot look away, and len thame ay your eir.
For *folou Love*, they say, *and it will flie!*
Wald ye be lov'd, this lessone mon ye leir,
Fly vhylome Love; and it will folou thee!

*A NOSEGAY ALWAYS SWEET, FOR LETTERS TO BEST FOR
TOKENS OF LOVE AT NEW YEAR'S TIME OR FOR
FAIRINGS; AS THEY, IN THEIR MINDS,
SHALL BE DISPOSED TO WRITE.*

A NOSEGAY lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send;
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend.
For flowers fresh begin to fade;
And BOREAS in the field,
Even with his hard congealed frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that Winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you, withouten miss.
Accept this then! as time doth serve.
Be thankful for the same!
Despise it not! but keep it well,
And mark each flower his name!

Anonymous.

Lavender is for Lovers true,
Which evermore be fain;
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtained have
The love that they require;
Then have they all their perfect joy,
And quenched is the fire.

Rosemary is for Remembrance
Between us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.
And when I cannot have,
As I have said before,
Then CUPID, with his deadly dart,
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for Sustenance,
That should Man's life sustain.
For I do still lie languishing
Continually in pain;
And shall do still, until I die,
Except thou favour show.
My pain and all my grievous smart
Full well you do it know!

Fennel is for Flatterers.
An evil thing, it is sure!
But I have always meant truly,
With constant heart most pure!

Anonymous.

And will continue in the same
As long as life doth last;
Still hoping for a joyful day,
When all our pains be past.

Violet is for Faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide!
Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
You will not let it slide;
And will continue in the same,
As you have now begun;
And then for ever to abide,
Then you might heart have won!

Time is to try me,
As each be trièd must,
[?] thing you know, while life doth last,
I will not be unjust!
And if I should, I would to God!
To Hell my soul should bear;
And eke also, that BEELZEBUB,
With teeth, he should me tear!

Roses are to rule me
With reason, as you will;
For to be still obedient,
Your mind for to fulfil:
And thereto will not disagree
In nothing that you say;
But will content your mind truly,
In all things that I may.

ANONYMOUS.

Yellowers are for Gentleness,
Which in me shall remain;
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twain.
As soon the sun shall lose his course;
The moon, against her kind,
Shall have no light; if that I do
Once put you from my mind!

Flatterers are for Graciousness.
Mark that now, by the way!
Have no regard to flatterers;
Nor pass not, what they say!
For they will come with lying tales
Your ears for to fulfil.
In any case, do you consent
Nothing unto their will!

Jealousies are for Marriage,
That would our minds suffice;
Love that suspicion of us twain
By any means should rise.
As for my part, I do not care!
Myself I will still use,
That all the women in the World,
For you I will refuse!

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this Nosegay on,
My pain you may impart:

Anonymous.

And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my woe!
Think ye then, how to recompense
Even him that loves you so!

Cowslips are for Counsel,
For secrets us between;
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we mean.
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be best;
Then have you surely won the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you, keep this Nosegay well;
And set by it some store!
And thus, Farewell! The Gods thee guide,
Both now and evermore!
Not, as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast;
That, when the smell is gone away,
On ground he takes his rest.

THE LADY GREENSLEEVES.

Alas! my Love! ye do me wrong

To cast me off discourteously;

And I have loved you so long,

Delighting in your company.

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy!

GREENSLEEVES was my delight!

GREENSLEEVES was my heart of gold;

And who but Lady GREENSLEEVES?

I have been ready at your hand

To grant whatever you would crave!

I have both waged life and land,

Your love and good will for to have!

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

I bought thee Kerchers to thy head,

That were wrought fine and gallantly;

I kept thee both at board and bed,

Which cost my purse well favouredly.

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

I bought thee Petticoats of the best,

The cloth so fine as fine might be!

I gave thee Jewels for thy chest;

And all this cost I spent on thee!

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Anonymous.

Thy Smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously;
Thy Petticoat of sendall [b]right;
And thus I bought thee gladly!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Thy Girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedeckèd sumptuously;
The like no other Lasses had;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Thy Purse, and eke thy gay gilt Knives,
Thy Pincase gallant to the eye,
No better wore the Burgess Wives;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Thy crimson Stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy Pumps as white as was the milk;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Thy Gown was of the grossy green,
Thy Sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our Harvest Queen;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Anonymous.

Thy Garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aiglets hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever likèd thee.
No Lady ever was so brave;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

My men were clothèd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee!
All this was gallant to be seen;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

They set thee up. They took thee down.
They served thee with humility.
Thy foot might not once touch the ground;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

For, every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Anonymous.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music still to play and sing;
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend, when pleasèd thee?
Even I, that am rejected here:
And thou disdain'st to love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

Well! I will pray to GOD on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see!
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

GREENSLEEVES! now, Farewell! Adieu!
GOD I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy Lover true;
Come once again, and love me!
GREENSLEEVES was all my joy! &c.

WHAT pleasure have great Princes
More dainty to their choice
Than Herdsmen wild! who, careless,
In quiet life rejoice;
And, Fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet, in summer morning.

Anonymous.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit:
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel, and wait
On Favourite presumptuous;
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous,

All day their flocks each tendeth:
At night, they take their rest
More quiet, than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl[s] are plenty;
But getting, very dainty!

For Lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw!
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law;
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O, happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet;
Yet merry it is, and quiet!

SONG

ON THE OCCASION OF SIR HENRY LEA'S RESIGNATION OF
THE QUEEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP, NOVEMBER 17, 1590.

His golden locks, time hath to silver turned.
O, time too swift! O, swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned;
But spurned in vain! Youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, Strength, Youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, Faith, Love, are roots, and ever green!

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And Lovers' *Sonnets* turned to holy *Psalms*!
A Man at Arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers; which are Age's alms.
But though from Court to Cottage he depart;
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart!

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his Swains this Carol for a Song:
'Blessed be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well!
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!'
Goddess! Allow this aged man his right!
To be your Beadsman now, that was your Knight!

ÆNONE'S COMPLAINT.

MELPOMENE! the Muse of tragic Songs!
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly Nymph to wail her woe;
And leave thy lusty company behind!

Thou luckless wreath! becomes me not to wear
The poplar tree, for triumph of my love!
Then as my joy, my pride of love is left,
Be thou unclothèd of thy lovely green!

And in thy leaves, my fortune written be!
And them, some gentle wind let blow abroad!
That all the World may see, how false of love
False PARIS hath, to his ÆNONE been!

COLIN'S SONG.

O, GENTLE LOVE! ungentle for thy deed!

Thou makest my heart

A bloody mark,

With piercing shot to bleed!

Shoot soft, sweet LOVE! for fear thou shoot amiss!

For fear too keen

Thy arrows been;

And hit the heart, where my belovèd is.

Too fair that fortune were! or never I
 Shall be so blest,
 Among the rest,
That love shall seize on her by sympathy!

Then since with LOVE, my prayers bear no boot;
 This doth remain,
 To ease my pain.
I take the wound; and die at VENUS' foot!

THE SONG OF CORIDON AND MELAMPUS.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! When will Loe be void of fears?

MELAMPUS. When Jealousy hath neither eyes, nor ears.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! When will Love be thoroughlyshrieved?

MELAMPUS. When it is hard to speak, and not believed.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! When is Love most malcontent?

MELAMPUS. When Lovers range, and bear their bows unbent.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! tell me, When takes Love least harm?

MELAMPUS. When Swains' sweet pipes are puffed; and Trulls
are warm.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! tell me, When is Love best fed?

MELAMPUS. When it hath sucked the sweet that ease hath bred,

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! When is time in Love ill spent?

MELAMPUS. When it earns meed; and yet receives no rent.

CORIDON. MELAMPUS! When is time well spent in Love?

MELAMPUS. When deeds win meeds; and words Love's
works do prove.

In time of yore, when Shepherds dwelt
Upon the mountain rocks,
And simple people never felt
The pain of Lovers' mocks:
But little birds would carry tales
Twixt Susan and her Sweeting,
And all the dainty nightingales
Did sing at Lovers' meeting:
Then might you see, what looks did pass
Where Shepherds did assemble;
And where the life of True Love was,
When hearts could not dissemble.

Then 'Yea!' and 'Nay!' was thought an oath
That was not to be doubted!
And when it came to 'Faith!' and 'Troth!'
We were not to be flouted!
Then did they talk of curds and cream,
Of butter, cheese, and milk:
'There was no speech of 'sunny beam,'
Nor of the 'golden silk.'
Then, for a gift, a row of pins,
A purse, a pair of knives,
Was all the way that love begins;
And so the Shepherd wives!

Now we have so much ado,
And are so sore aggrieved;
When we go about to woo,
We can no longer be believed!

Nicholas Breton.

Such choice of jewels, rings, and chains,
That may but favour move;
And such intolerable pains
Ere one can hit on love:
That, if I still shall bide this life,
'Twixt love and deadly hate,
I will go learn the Country Life;
Or leave the Lover's state!

TOM THE PAGE'S SONG.

Another time, not long after, he chanced to be in his friend's and better's house. Being in his bed, about midnight, by chance awake, he heard, in the next chamber, a Page of the Lady of the house, lamenting, as he lay in his bed, very sore his unhappy estate: which, as he could well bear away in the morning, he put in verse, only for his own reading, to laugh at; but, being by his friend intreated, put it, as you see, among his *Toys*, as one not the least—which was as followeth.

'THAT, I would not persuaded be,
In my young reckless youth,
By plain experience, I see
That now it proveth truth,'
It is Tom's Song, my Lady's Page,
'That service is no heritage!'

I heard him sing, this other night,
As he lay all alone.
Was never boy in such a plight,
Where he should make his moan!
'O, LORD!' quoth he, 'to be a Page,
This service is none heritage!

'Mine uncle told me, t' other day,
That I must take great pain,
And I must cast all sloth away,
If I seek aught to gain!
'For, sure," quoth he, "a painful Page
Will make service an heritage!"

'Yea, sure, a great commodity!
If once Madam he do displease,
A cuff on the ear, two or three,
He shall have, smally for his ease!
I would, for me, he were a Page,
For to possess his heritage!

'I rub, and brush, almost all day!
I make clean many a coat!
I seek all honest means I may,
How to come by a groat!
I think I am a painful Page;
Yet I can make no heritage!

Nicholas Breton.

‘Why! I to get, have much ado,
A kirtle now and then;
For making clean of many a shoe
For ALICE, or Mistress ANNE,
My Lady’s Maids will wipe the Page
Always of such an heritage.

‘The wenches, they get coifs and cauls,
French hoods, and partlets eke;
And I get nought but checks and brawls,
A thousand in a week!
These are rewards meet for a Page!
Surely, a goodly heritage!

‘My Lady’s Maids too, must I please;
But chiefly Mistress ANNE!
For else, by the Mass! she will dis-ease
Me vilely now and then!
“Faith!” she will say, “you wicked Page!
I’ll purchase you an heritage!”

‘And if she say so, by the Rood!
’Tis cock, I warrant it!
But GOD, He knows, I were as good
To be withouten it!
For all the gains I get, poor Page!
Is but a slender heritage!

Nicholas Breton.

'I have so many folks to please,
And creep, and kneel unto;
That I shall never live at ease,
Whatever so I do!
I'll therefore be no more a Page;
But seek some other heritage!

'But was there ever such a Patch,
To speak so loud as I;
Knowing what hold the Maids will catch
At every fault they spy!
And all for spite of me, poor Page!
To purchase me an heritage.

'And if that they may hear of this,
I were as good be hanged!
'My Lady shall know it, by Gis!"
And I shall sure be banged!
I shall be usèd like a Page!
I shall not lose mine heritage!

'Well! yet I hope the time to see,
When I may run as fast
For wands for them; as they for me,
Ere many days be past!
For when I am no longer Page,
I'll give them up mine heritage!

‘Well! I a while must stand content,
Till better hap do fall,
With such poor state as GOD hath sent;
And give him thanks for all!
Who will, I hope, send me, poor Page!
Than this, some better heritage!’

With this, with hands and eyes
Lift up to Heaven on high,
He sighèd twice, or thrice,
And wept too, piteously.
Which, when I saw, I wished the Page,
In faith! some better heritage!

And, weeping thus, ‘Good GOD!’ quoth he,
‘Have mercy on my soul!
That ready I may be for thee,
When that the bell doth knoll!
To make me free of this bondage,
And partner of mine heritage!’

‘LORD, grant me grace, so thee to serve,
That, at the Latter Day,
Although I can no good deserve,
Yet thou, to me mayst say,
“Be thou now free, that wert a Page!
And here in Heaven have heritage!”’

Anonymous.

'MAID! will ye love me? Yea, or No?
Tell me the truth, and let me go!
It can be no less than a sinful deed,
Trust me truly!
To linger a Lover, that looks to speed
In due time duly.

'You Maids, that think yourselves as fine
As VENUS and all the Muses nine,
The Father himself, when He first made Man,
Trust me truly!
Made you for his help, when the world began,
In due time duly.

'Then sith GOD's will was even so,
Why should you disdain your Lover tho?
But rather, with a willing heart,
Love him truly!
For in so doing, you do but your part.
Let reason rule ye!

'Consider, Sweet! what sighs and sobs
Do nip my heart, with cruel throbs;
And all, my Dear! for love of you!
Trust me truly!
But I hope that you will some mercy shew
In due time duly!

Anonymous.

'If that you do, my case well weigh;
And shew some sign whereby I may
Have some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truly!
I count myself in a blessèd case!
Let reason rule ye!

'And for my part, whilst I do live,
To love you most faithfully, my hand I give!
Forsaking all other for your sweet sake,
Trust me truly!
In token whereof, my troth I betake
To your self most duly!

'And though for this time we must depart;
Yet keep you this ring! true token of my heart!
Till time do serve we meet again,
Let reason rule ye!
When an answer of comfort, I trust to obtain
In due time duly.

'Now must I depart, with sighing tears,
With sobbing heart, and burning ears,
Pale in the face, and faint, as I may,
Trust me truly!
But I hope our next meeting, a joyful day,
In due time duly!'

ANE SCHORT POEME OF TYME.

As I was pansing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip, nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was sa faire,
Athort the feilds, it seemèd to me best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie TITAN cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste DIANA by his light.

Who, by his rysing in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew, through birning drouth he dryis;
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that, on the night before down fell.
Which then was soukit by the Delphien's heit
Up in the air; it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour Sphere,
Provokèd all from MORPHEUS to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir;
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee.
Yet idle men devysing did I see,
How for to dryve the tyme, that did them irk,
By sundrie pastimes, quhill that it grew mirk.

James I.

Then wonndred I, to see them seik a wyle
So willinglie the precious tyme to tyne;
And how they did them selfis so farr begyle,
To fashe of tyme; which of it selfe is fyne.
Fra tyme be past, to call it bakwart syne
Is bot in vaine! Therefore men should be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr!

For what hath Man but tyme into this life;
Which gives him dayis, his GOD aright to know:
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Euin from the tyme; which is on naways slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it nought!
More wise we were, if we the tyme had soght!

But sen that time is sic a precious thing;
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King!
Flee ydilteth! which is the greatest lat!
But sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us imploy that time that GOD hath send us
In doing weill; that good men may commend us!

Anonymous.

I SMILE to see how you devise
New masking nets my eyes to blear!
Yourself you cannot so disguise
But as you are, you must appear!

Your privy winks at board I see,
And how you set your roving mind;
Yourself you cannot hide from me!
Although I wink, I am not blind!

The secret sighs and feignèd cheer
That oft doth pain thy careful breast,
To me right plainly doth appear.
I see in whom thy heart doth rest!

And though thou mak'st a feignèd vow,
That Love no more thy heart should nip!
Yet think! I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth guide the ship.

The salamander in the fire,
By course of kind, doth bathe his limbs.
The floating fish tak'th his desire
In running streams where as he swims.

Anonymous.

So thou, in change dost take delight!
Full well I know thy slippery kind!
In vain thou seem'st to dim my sight;
Thy rolling eyes bewray'th thy mind!

I see him smile, that doth possess
Thy love, which once I honoured most.
If he be wise; he may well guess,
Thy love soon won, will soon be lost!

And sith thou canst no man entice,
That he should still love thee alone:
Thy beauty now hath lost her price!
I see thy savoury scent is gone!

Therefore leave off thy wonted play;
But, as thou art, thou wilt appear!
Unless thou canst devise a way
To dark the sun, that shines so clear.

And keep thy friend that thou hast won!
In truth to him, thy love supply!
Lest he, at length, as I have done,
Take off thy bells, and let thee fly!

A SONG BY APELLES.

CUPID and my CAMPASPE played
At cards for kisses. CUPID paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows.
Loses them too. Then, down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how!):
With these, the crystal of his brow;
And then, the dimple of his chin.
All these did my CAMPASPE win.
At last, he set her, both his eyes.
She wan: and CUPID blind did rise!
O, LOVE! has she done this to thee!
What shall, alas! become of me?

A SONG BY FAIRIES.

OMNES. PINCH him! Pinch him black and blue!
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing;
Nor pry into our fairy wooing!

1ST FAIRY. Pinch him blue!

2ND FAIRY. And pinch him black!

John Lyly.

3RD FAIRY. Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addled head!

4TH FAIRY. For, the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run!
Kiss ENDYMION! kiss his eyes!
Then to our midnight heidegyes.

MEMPHIO. O, CUPID! Monarch over Kings!
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
It is to shew how swift thou art,
When thou wound'st a tender heart!
Thy wings being clipped, and feet held still;
Thy bow so many could not kill!

STELLIO. It is all one, in VENUS' wanton School,
Who highest sits, the wise man, or the fool!

Fools in Love's College
Have far more knowledge
To read a woman over,
Than a neat prating Lover!

Nay! 'Tis confest,
That fools please women best!

APOLLO'S SONG.

MY DAPHNE's hair is twisted gold!
Bright stars apiece her eyes do hold!
My DAPHNE's brow inthrones the Graces!
My DAPHNE's beauty stains all faces!
On DAPHNE's cheek grow rose and cherry;
On DAPHNE's lip, a sweeter berry!
DAPHNE's snowy hand but touched, does melt;
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt!
My DAPHNE's voice tunes all the Spheres!
My DAPHNE's music charms all ears!
Fond am I, thus to sing her praise;
These glories now are turned to Bays!

PAN'S SONG.

PAN's SYRINX was a Girl indeed;
Though now she 's turned into a reed.
From that dear reed, PAN's Pipe does come;
A Pipe that strikes APOLLO dumb!
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the Pipe of Pan!
Cross-gartered Swains, and Dairy Girls
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When PAN's shrill Pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day!

John Lyly.

The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When PAN sounds up his minstrelsy!
His minstrelsy! O, base! This quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my SYRINX' lips I kiss!

HYMN TO APOLLO.

SING to APOLLO! God of Day,
Whose golden beams with Morning play;
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
AURORA's face is called divine!
Sing to PHŒBUS, and that throne
Of diamonds, which he sits upon!
'*Io Peans*' let us sing
To Physic's, and to Poesy's, King!

Crown all his altars with bright fire!
Laurels bind about his Lyre!
A Daphnean coronet for his head!
The Muses dance about his bed!
When on his ravishing Lute he plays,
Strew his Temple round with bays!
'*Io Peans*' let us sing
To the glittering Delian King!

A SONG OF SAPPHO.

O, CRUEL LOVE! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day!
Never may Sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand!
Thy jailors shall be Hopes and Fears!
Thy prison-mates, Groans, Sighs, and Tears!
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Phantastic Passions, Vows, and Rhymes!
Thy bread be Frowns! thy drink be gall!
Such as when you PHAO call.
The bed thou liest on be Despair!
Thy sleep, fond Dreams! thy dreams, long Care!
Hope, like thy Fool, at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till Madness strike thee dead!
As PHAO, thou dost me, with thy proud eyes!
In thee, poor SAPPHO lives; for thee, she dies!

TELUSA. O, YES! O, Yes! if any Maid
Whom leering CUPID has betrayed
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
ALL THREE. The Boy in pieces; let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom!

EUROTA. O, Yes! O, Yes! has any lost
A heart, which many a sigh hath cost?
Is any cozened of a tear,
Which, as a pearl, Disdain doth wear?
ALL THREE. Here stands the thief! Let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom!

LARISSA. Is any one undone by fire,
And turned to ashes by desire?
Did ever any Lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
ALL THREE. Stolen by sick thoughts? The pirate 's
found;
And in her tears he shall be drowned!
Read his Indictment! Let him hear
What he 's to trust to! Boy, give ear!

A SONG OF VULCAN,

WHILE MAKING THE ARROWS.

My shag-hair[ed] CYCLOPS! come, let 's ply
Our Lemnian hammers lustily!
By my Wife's sparrows,
I swear these arrows
Shall singing fly
Through many a Wanton's eye!
These headed are with golden blisses!
The silver ones, feathered with kisses!
But this of lead
Strikes a Clown dead;
When, in a dance,
He falls in a trance
To see his black-brow[ed] Lass not buss him :
And then whines out, for Death t' untruss him !

So' So! Our work being done, let 's play!
'Holiday!' boys, cry 'Holiday!'

Sir Philip Sidney.

I NEVER drank of Aganippe Well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit;
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell:
Poor layman, I! for sacred rites unfit!
Some do I hear, of Poets' fury tell;
But, God wot! wot not what they mean by it!
And this I swear, by blackest brook of Hell!
I am no pick-purse of another's wit!
How falls it then? that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak! and what I speak, doth flow
In verse! and that my verse, best wits doth please!
Guess we the cause! What! is it thus? Fie, no!
Or so? Much less! How then? Sure, thus it is.
My lips are sweet, inspired with STELLA's kiss.

COME, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth thrōw!
O, make in me those Civil Wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay! if thou do so.
Take thou of me, smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace; thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see!

Sir Philip Sidney.

My True Love hath my heart, and I have his!
By just exchange, one for the other given.
I hold his, dear; and mine he cannot miss!
There never was a better bargain driven!
His heart, in me, keeps me and him in one!
My heart, in him, his thoughts and senses guides!
He loves my heart; for once it was his own!
I cherish his, because in me it bides!
His heart his wound receivèd from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart!
For as from me, on him his hurt did light;
So still, methought, in me his heart did smart!
Both, equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss:
My True Love hath my heart; and I have his!

DAMÆTAS' REPLY.

O, WORDS, which fall like summer dew on me!
O, breath, more sweet than is the growing bean!
O, tongue, in which all honeyed liquors be!
O, voice, that doth the thrush in shrillness stain!
Do you say still, this is her promise due,
That she is mine, as I to her am true!
Gay Hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies!
Lips, red and plump as cherry's ruddy side!
Eyes fair and great, like fair great oxen's eyes!
O, Breast, in which two white sheep swell in pride!
Join you with me, to seal this promise true,
That she be mine, as I to her am true!

Sir Philip Sidney.

But thou white skin, as white as curds well pressed!
So smooth as, sleek-stone like, it smooths each part!
And thou dear flesh, as soft as wool new dressed;
And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art!
First Four but say, next Four their saying seal;
But you must pay the gage of promised weal!

ELEGIAC VERSES SUNG BY DORUS.

FORTUNE, NATURE, LOVE, long have contended about me,
Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I am!

FORTUNE thus gan say, 'Misery and misfortune is all one;
And of misfortune, FORTUNE hath only the gift!
With strong foes on land, on sea with contrary tempests,
Still do I cross this wretch, whatso he taketh in hand!'

'Tush! Tush!' said NATURE, 'this is all but a trifle!

A man's self

Gives haps, or mishaps, e'en as he ordereth his heart!
But so his humour I frame in a mould of choler adusted,
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous!' [happy!

LOVE smiled, and thus said, 'Want joined to desire is un-
But if he nought do desire, what can HERACLITUS ail?
None but I, works by desire! By desire, have I kindled in his soul
Infernal agonies unto a Beauty divine!

Where thou, poor NATURE! left'st all thy due glory to FORTUNE;
Her virtue is sovereign! FORTUNE, a vassal of hers!'

NATURE, abashed, went back. FORTUNE blushed; yet she
replied thus,

'And even in that love, shall I reserve him a spite!'

Thus, thus, alas! woeful by NATURE, unhappy by FORTUNE;
But most wretched I am, now LOVE awakes my desire!

Sir Philip Sidney.

With how sad steps, O, Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of Love, thou feel'st a Lover's case!
I read it in thy looks! Thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes!
Then, even of fellowship, O, Moon! tell me,
Is constant love deemed there, but want of wit?
Are Beauties there, as proud as here they be?
Do they above, love to be loved; and yet
Those Lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

Who doth desire that chaste his Wife should be,
First, be He true! For truth doth truth deserve.
Then such be He, as She his worth may see;
And one man still credit with her preserve!
Not saying kind, nor causelessly unkind!
Not stirring thoughts; nor yet denying right!
Not seeing faults; nor in plain errors blind!
Not using hard hand; nor ever reins too light!
To do what want, as far from vain expense!
(The one doth force; the other doth entice!)
Allow good company; but keep from thence
All illay mouths, that glory in their vice!
For thou hast no more! but leave the rest
To Virtue, Fortune, Time, and Woman's breast!

Sir Philip Sidney.

HAVING, this day, my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize;
Both by the judgement of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France:
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance!
Townsfolk, my strength! A daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight; which from good use doth rise.
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance!
Others (because, of both sides, I do take
My blood from them who do excel in this)
Think Nature, me a Man at Arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
STELLA looked on! and, from her heavenly face,
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The Courtly Nymphs (acquainted with the moan
Of them who, in their lips, LOVE's standard bear)
'What, he!' say they of me 'now I dare swear
He cannot love! No! no! let him alone!'
And think so still! so STELLA know my mind.
Profess indeed! I do not CUPID's art;
But you, fair Maids! at length, this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart!
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do Lovers prove.
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

Sir Philip Sidney.

WITH what sharp checks I, in myself, am shent,
When into Reason's Audit I do go;
And, by just counts, myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods, which Heaven to me hath lent.
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent:
Which unto it by birthright I do owe.
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show;
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.
My youth doth waste! My knowledge brings forth toys!
My wit doth strive, those Passions to defend;
Which, for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course, to lose myself doth bend!
I see: and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for STELLA's sake!

SWEET kiss! thy sweets I fain would sweetly endite;
Which e'en of sweetness sweetest sweet'ner art.
Pleasing'st consort where each sense holds a part;
Which coupling doves guide VENUS' chariot right.
Blessed charge, and brav'st retreat, in CUPID's fight.
A double key, which opens to the heart;
Most rich, when most his riches it impart.
Nest of young joys. Schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean[s] at once to take and give
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal,
The pretty death while each in other live.
Poor hope's first wealth. Hostage of promised weal.
Breakfast of love. But lo! lo! where She is,
Cease we to praise! Now pray we for a kiss!

Sir Philip Sidney.

O, HAPPY Thames! that didst my STELLA bear,
I saw thyself, with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear;
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat, for joy, could not to dance forbear:
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O, sweetest prison!) twine.
And fain those ÆOL's youths, there would their stay
Have made: but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did, with puffing kiss, those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window, I,
With sight thereof, cried out, 'O, fair disgrace!
Let Honour's self, to thee grant highest place!'

STELLA! the fullness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that, in words, thy figure be exprest.
And yet as soon as they so formèd be,
According to my Lord LOVE's own behest;
With sad eyes, I their weak proportion see,
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind;
And cannot choose but put out what I write:
While these poor babes, their death in birth do find.
And now my pen, these lines had dashèd quite;
But that they stopped his fury from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet STELLA's name.

Sir Philip Sidney.

In a grove, most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made;
May, then young, her pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing;

ASTROPHEL with STELLA sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight, his cares did banish!
In his sight, her yoke did vanish!

Wept they had, alas! the while;
But now tears themselves did smile!
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected!

Sigh they did: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt!
With arms crossed; yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying!

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford!
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking!

Sir Philip Sidney.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break!
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

'STELLA! Sovereign of my joy!
Fair triumpher of annoy!
STELLA! Star of heavenly fire!
STELLA! Loadstar of desire!

'STELLA! in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of CUPID's skies;
Whose beams where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted!

'STELLA! whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks!
STELLA! whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels' to acquaintance bringeth!

'STELLA! in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss;
Whose face all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth!

'Grant! O, grant! but speech, alas!
Fails me! fearing on to pass.
Grant! O, me! What am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying!

Sir Philip Sidney.

'Grant, O, Dear! on knees I pray,
Knees on ground he then did stay,
'That not I; but, since I love you,
Time and Place for me, may move you!

'Never season was more fit;
Never room more apt for it!
Smiling air allows my reason!
These birds sing, "Now use the season!"

'This small wind, which so sweet is,
See, how it the leaves doth kiss!
Each tree, in his best attiring,
Sense of love, to love inspiring!

'Love makes earth, the water drink!
Love to earth makes water sink!
And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?'

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain!
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling!

Then she spake. Her speech was such
As not ears, but heart did touch;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

Sir Philip Sidney.

'ASTROPHEL!' she said, 'my Love!
Cease in these effects to prove!
Now be still! Yet still believe me,
Thy grief, more than death, would grieve me!

'If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort, but of thee;
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless, languish!

'If those eyes you praised be
Half so dear as you, to me;
Let me home return stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded!

'If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placed;
Be both wish and I defaced!

'If more may be said; I say,
All my bliss in thee I lay!
If thou love; my love content thee!
For all love, all faith, is meant thee!

'Trust me! while I thee deny;
In myself the smart I try!
Tyrant HONOUR doth thus use thee!
STELLA's self might not refuse thee!

Sir Philip Sidney.

'Therefore, Dear! this no more move!
Lest (though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed)
I should blush, when thou art named!'

Therewithal away she went;
Leaving him to Passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken;
That therewith my Song is broken.

Go, my flock! Go, get you hence!
Seek a better place of feeding!
Where ye may have some defence
From the storms in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure!
Merry flock! such one forgo,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure!
Only rich in mischief's treasure!

Yet, alas! before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story!
Which to stones I else would show.
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry!

Sir Philip Sidney.

STELLA! fiercest Shepherdess!
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever!
STELLA! whom, O, Heavens! do bless!
Though against me she persèver;
Though I bliss inherit never!

STELLA hath refusèd me!
STELLA! who more love hath provèd
In this caitiff heart to be,
Than can in good eyes be movèd
Towards lambkins best belovèd!

STELLA hath refusèd me!
ASTROPHEL, that so well servèd,
In this pleasant Spring, must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd,
Himself only Winter-starvèd!

Why, alas! then doth she swear
That she loveth me so dearly?
Seeing me so long to bear
Coals of love, that burn so clearly;
And yet leave me helpless merely!

Is that love? Forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a help for him did know;
My love should not be believèd,
But he were by me relievèd!

Sir Philip Sidney.

No! she hates me! Well away!
Feigning love somewhat to please me,
For she knows, if she display
All her hate; death would soon seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me!

Then, my dear flock! now adieu!
But, alas! if, in your straying,
Heavenly STELLA meet with you;
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying!

'No more! my Dear! No more these counsels try!'
'O, give my Passions leave to run their race!
Let FORTUNE lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace!
Let all the earth, in scorn recount my case!
But do not will me, from my Love to fly!
I do not envy ARISTOTLE's wit!
Nor do aspire to CÆSAR's bleeding fame!
Nor aught do care, though some above me sit!
Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame
But that which once may win thy cruel heart!
Thou art my Wit; and thou my Virtue art!'

WOOING STUFF.

FAINT Amorist! What! dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian Fields, that dar'st not venture
In CHARON'S barge? A Lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind!
He that loves, and fears to try;
Learns his Mistress to deny!

Doth She chide thee? 'Tis to show it,
That thy coldness makes her do it.

Is She silent? Is She mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit!

Doth She pout, and leave the room?
Then She goes, to bid thee come!

Is She sick? Why then, be sure,
She invites thee to the cure!

Doth She cross thy suit with 'No!'
Tush! She loves to hear thee woo!

Doth She call the faith of Man
In question? Nay, She loves thee then!
And if e'er She makes a blot;
She 's lost, if that thou hitt'st her not!

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Ring out your bells! Let mourning shows be spread!

For LOVE is dead!

All love is dead, infected

With the plague of deep disdain!

Worth, as nought worth, rejected;

And faith, fair scorn doth gain!

From so ungrateful fancy,

From such a female frenzy,

From them that use men thus,

Good Lord! deliver us!

Weep, neighbours! weep! Do you not hear it said

That LOVE is dead!

His deathbed, peacock's Folly!

His winding-sheet is Shame!

His Will, False Seeming wholly!

His sole Executor, Blame!

From so ungrateful fancy,

From such a female frenzy,

From them that use men thus,

Good Lord! deliver us!

Be sung, and Trentals rightly read;

For LOVE is dead!

WRONG, his tomb ordaineth

My Mistress' marble heart!

Which Epitaph containeth

'Thy eyes were once his dart!'

Sir Philip Sidney.

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord! deliver us!*

Alas! I lie! Rage hath this error bred,

LOVE is not dead!

LOVE is not dead; but sleepeth

In her unmatched mind;

Where She his counsel keepeth,

Till due deserts She find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,

To call such wit a frenzy!

Who love can temper thus,

Good Lord! deliver us!

*TRANSLATED OUT OF THE 'DIANA' OF MONTEMAYOR,
IN SPANISH: WHERE SIRENO, A SHEPHERD, PULLING OUT
A LITTLE OF HIS MISTRESS DIANA'S HAIR WRAPPED ABOUT
WITH GREEN SILK; WHO NOW HAD UTTERLY FORSAKEN
HIM, TO THE HAIR HE THUS BEWAILED HIMSELF.*

WHAT changes here, O, hair!

I see, since I saw you!

How ill fits you this green to wear,

For Hope the colour due!

Indeed, I well did hope

(Though hope were mixed with fear)

No other Shepherd should have scope

Once to approach this hair!

Sir Philip Sidney.

Ah! hair! how many days
My DIANE made me show,
With thousand pretty childish plays,
If I ware you, or no!
Alas! how oft, with tears
(O, tears of guileful breast!),
She seemèd full of jealous fears!
Whereat I did but jest.

Tell me, O, hair of gold!
If I then faulty be,
That trust those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me!
Have you not seen her mood?
What streams of tears she spent,
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beauty seen
In one that changeth so!
Or where one's love so constant been,
Who ever saw such woe!
Ah! hair! Are you not grieved
To come from whence you be;
Seeing how once, you saw I lived,
To see me, as you see?

Sir Philip Sidney.

On sandy bank, of late,
I saw this woman sit;
Where 'Sooner die, than change my state!'
She with her finger writ.
Thus my belief was stayed.
'Behold LOVE's mighty hand
On things!' were by a woman said,
And written in the sand!

LEAVE me, O, Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust!
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings!
Draw in thy beams; and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke, where lasting freedoms be!
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the Light;
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see!
O, take fast hold! Let that Light be thy guide
In this small course, which birth draws out to death!
And think, how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven; and comes of heavenly breath!
Then, farewell, World! Thy uttermost I see!
ETERNAL LOVE! maintain thy life in me!

CYNTHIA.

AWAY with these self-loving lads;
Whom CUPID's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lie asleep!
For CUPID is a meadow God,
And forceth none to kiss the rod!

Sweet CUPID's shafts, like Destiny,
Doth causeless good, or ill, decree.
Desert is borne out of his bow;
Reward upon his wing doth go.
What fools are they, that have not known
That LOVE likes no laws but his own!

My Songs, they be of CYNTHIA's praise;
I wear her rings on Holy Days!
On every tree I write her name;
And every day I read the same!
Where Honour, CUPID's rival is;
There miracles are seen of his!

If CYNTHIA crave her ring of me;
I blot her name out of the tree!
If doubt do darken things held dear;
Then 'Well fare, nothing!' once a year!
For many run; but one must win.
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in!

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

The worth, that worthiness should move,
Is love; which is the due of love :
And love as well the Shepherd can,
As can the mighty Nobleman!
Sweet Nymph! 'tis true you worthy be;
Yet, without love, nought worth to me!

I, WITH whose colours MYRA dressed her head;
I, that ware posies of her own hand-making;
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read,
By MYRA finely wrought, ere I was waking:
Must I look on? in hope time coming may,
With change, bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the 'Church stile found
A garland sweet, with True-Love knots in flowers;
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow CUPID for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left;
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed;
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft;
I, who did make her blush, when I was named:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked;
Watching, with sighs, till dead love be awaked?

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

I, that when drowsy ARGUS fell asleep,
Like Jealousy o'erwatchèd with Desire,
Was even warnèd modesty to keep;
While her breath, speaking, kindled Nature's fire:
Must I look on acold; while others warm them?
Do VULCAN's brothers, in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this, that I might MYRA see
Washing the waters with her beauty's white?
Yet would she never *write* her love to me!
Thinks Wit of change, while Thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls *must* safely love, as they may leave!
No man can *print* a kiss! Lines may deceive!

FAREWELL, sweet Boy! Complain not of my truth!
Thy mother loved thee not with more devotion!
For to thy Boy's play, I gave all my youth!
Young Master! I did hope for your promotion!
While some sought honours, Prince's thoughts ob-
serving;
Many wooed Fame, the child of Pain and Anguish!
Others judged inward good a chief deserving!
I, in thy wanton Visions joyed to languish!
I bowed not to thy image for succession;
Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformèd kindness.
Thy plays of hope and fear were my Confession!
The spectacles to my life was thy blindness!
But, CUPID! now, farewell! I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less
betray me!

Anonymous.

I joy not in no earthly bliss!
I force not CRÆSUS' wealth a straw!
For care, I know not what it is!
I fear not FORTUNE's fatal law!
My mind is such, as may not move
For Beauty bright, nor force of Love!

I wish but what I have at will!
I wander not to seek for more!
I like the plain! I climb no hill!
In greatest storms, I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again!

I kiss not, where I wish to kill!
I feign not love, where most I hate!
I break no sleep, to win my will!
I wait not at the mighty's gate!
I scorn no poor; nor fear no rich!
I feel no want; nor have too much!

The Court and Cart I like, nor loathe!
Extremes are counted worst of all!
The Golden Mean, between them both,
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall!
This is my choice! For why? I find
No wealth is like the quiet mind!

Sir Edward Dyer.

My mind to me a Kingdom is!
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind.
Though much I want, which most would have;
Yet still my mind forbids to crave!

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye:
To none of these, I yield as thrall!
For why? My mind doth serve for all!

I see how plenty surfeits oft;
And hasty climbers soon do fall!
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all!
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear!

Content to live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice!
I press to bear no haughty sway!
Look! what I lack, my mind supplies!
Lo! thus I triumph like a King;
Content with that my mind doth bring!

Sir Edward Dyer.

Some have too much; yet still do crave!
I little have; and seek no more!
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich, with little store!
They poor, I rich! They beg, I give!
They lack, I leave! They pine, I live!

I laugh not at another's loss!
I grudge not at another's pain!
No worldly waves my mind can toss!
My state at one doth still remain!
I fear no foe! I fawn no friend!
I loathe not life; nor dread my end!

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust;
Their wisdom by their rage of will!
Their treasure is their only trust!
A cloakèd craft, their store of skill!
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind!

My wealth is health and perfect ease!
My conscience clear, my choice defence!
I neither seek by bribes to please;
Nor by deceit to breed offence!
Thus do I live! Thus will I die!
Would all did so, as well as I!

CORIDON TO HIS PHILLIS.

ALAS! my heart! mine eye hath wrongèd thee!
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on PHILLIS' face!
Whose heavenly eye, no mortal man may see
But he must die; or purchase PHILLIS' grace!
Poor CORIDON! The Nymph, whose eye doth
move thee,
Doth love to draw; but is not drawn to love thee!

Her beauty, Nature's pride and Shepherds' praise!
Her eye, the heavenly planet of my life!
Her matchless wit and grace, her fame displays;
As if that JOVE had made her for his Wife.
Only her eyes shoot fiery darts to kill;
Yet is her heart as cold as Caucase hill!

Sir Edward Dyer.

My wings too weak to fly against the sun!
Mine eyes unable to sustain her light!
My heart doth yield, that I am quite undone!
Thus hath fair PHILLIS slain me with her sight!
My bud is blasted! Withered is my leaf;
And all my corn is rotted in the sheaf!

PHILLIS! the golden fetter of my mind!
My fancy's idol, and my vital power!
Goddess of Nymphs! and honour of thy kind!
This Age's Phœnix! Beauty's richest bower!
Poor CORIDON! for love of thee must die!
Thy beauty's thrall, and conquest of thine eye!

Leave, CORIDON! to plough the barren field!
Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace!
For PHILLIS' looks, no hearty love do yield;
Nor can she love, for all her lovely face!
Die, CORIDON! the spoil of PHILLIS' eye.
She cannot love; and therefore thou must die!

THEOCRITUS.
THE EIGHTEENTH IDILLION.

ARGUMENT.

Twelve noble Spartan Virgins are brought in singing, in the evening, at the chamber door of MENELAUS and HELENA, on their Wedding Day. And first they prettily jest with the Bridegroom, then they praise HELENA, last they wish them both joy of their marriage. Therefore this Idillion is entitled *HELEN'S Epithalamion*, that is *HELEN'S Wedding Song*.

HELEN'S EPITHALAMION.

IN Sparta, long ago, where MENELAUS wore the crown,
Twelve noble Virgins, daughters to the greatest in the town,
All dight, upon their hair, in crow-toe garlands fresh and green,
Danced at the chamber door of HELENA the Queen :
What time this MENELAUS, the younger son of ATREUS,
Did marry with this lovely daughter of Prince TYNDARUS ;
And therewithal, at eve, a Wedding Song they jointly sang,
With such a shuffling of their feet, that all the Palace rang.

'Fair Bridegroom, do you sleep? Hath slumber all your limbs possess? }
What! are you drowsy? or hath wine your body so oppress }
That you are gone to bed? For if you needs would take your rest ; }
You should have ta'en a season meet! Meantime, till it be day,
Suffer the Bride with us, and with her mother dear, to play!
For, MENELAUS! She, at evening and at morning tide,
From day to day, and year to year, shall be thy loving Bride!

'O, happy Bridegroom! Sure, some honest man did sneeze to thee,
When thou to Sparta came, to meet with such a one as She!
Among the demi-gods, thou only art accounted meet
To be the Son-in-law to JOVE! for underneath one sheet }
His daughter lies with thee! Of all that tread on ground with feet, }
There is not such a one in Greece! Now, sure, some goodly thing
She will thee bear; if it be like the mother that She bring.

'For we, her peers in age, whose course of life is e'en the same;
Who, at Eurotas' streams, like men, are oiled to the game;

E. D. [? Sir Edward Dyer].

And four times sixty Maids, of all the women youth we are;
Of these, none wants a fault, if her with HELEN we compare.

'Like as the rising Morn shows a grateful lightening,
When sacred Night is past; and Winter now lets loose the Spring:
So glittering HELEN shined among her Maids, lusty and tall!

'As is the furrow in a field, that far outstretcheth all;
Or in a garden is a cypress tree; or in a trace,
A steed of Thessaly; so She to Sparta was a grace.

'No damsel with such works as She, her baskets used to fill;
Nor in a divers coloured web, a woof of greater skill
Doth cut off from the loom; nor any hath such Songs and Lays
Unto her dainty harp, in DIAN's and MINERVA's praise,
As HELEN hath; in whose bright eyes all Loves and Graces be.

'O, fair, O, lovely Maid! a Matron is now made of thee!
But we will, every Spring, unto the leaves in meadow go
To gather garlands sweet; and there, not with a little woe,
Will often think of thee, O, HELEN! as the suckling lambs
Desire the strouting bags and presence of their tender dams.
We, all betimes for thee, a wreath of mellitoe will knit;
And on a shady plane for thee will safely fasten it.
And, all betimes for thee, under a shady plane below,
Out of a silver box, the sweetest ointment will bestow.
And letters shall be written in the bark that men may see, [TREE!
And read, DO HUMBLE REVERENCE, FOR I AM HELEN'S

'Sweet Bride, good night! and thou, O, happy Bridegroom, now good
LATONA send you happy issue! who is most of might [night!
In helping youth; and blissful VENUS send you equal love
Betwixt you both! and JOVE give lasting riches from above,
Which from your noble selves, unto your noble imps may fall!

'Sleep on, and breathe into your breasts desires mutual!
But in the morning, wake! Forget it not in any wise!
And we will then return; as soon as any one shall rise
And in the chamber stir, and first of all lift up the head!
HYMEN! O, HYMEN! now be gladsome at this marriage bed!'

EMBLEM.

Usque adeo latet utilitas.

THEOCRITUS.
THE ELEVENTH IDILLION.

ARGUMENT.

THEOCRITUS wrote this Idillion to NICIAS, a learned Physician: wherein he sheweth—by the example of POLYPHEMUS, a giant in Sicily, of the race of the CYCLOPS; who loved the Water Nymph GALATEA—that there is no medicine so sovereign against Love, as is Poetry. Of whose Love Song, as this Idillion is termed CYCLOPS; so he was called CYCLOPS, because he had but one eye, that stood, like a circle, in the midst of his forehead.

CYCLOPS.

O, NICIAS! there is no other remedy for Love,
With ointing, or with sprinkling on, that ever I could prove,
Besides the Muses nine! This pleasant medicine of the mind
Grows among men; and seems but lite, yet very hard to find:
As well I wot you know! who are in physic such a Leech,
And of the Muses so beloved. The cause of this my speech
A CYCLOPS is, who lived here with us right wealthily;
That ancient POLYPHEM., when first he loved GALATEA
(When with a bristled beard his chin and cheeks first clothed were):
He loved her not with roses, apples, or with curied hair;
But with the Furies' rage! All other things he little plied.

Full often to their fold, from pastures green, without a guide
His sheep returned home: when, all the while, he singing lay
In honour of his Love, and on the shore consumed away
From morning until night; sick of the wound, fast by the heart,
Which mighty VENUS gave, and in his liver stuck the dart.
For which, this remedy he found; that sitting oftentimes
Upon a rock, and looking on the sea, he sang these rhymes.

'O GALATEA fair! why dost thou shun thy Lover true?
More tender than a lamb, more white than cheese when it is new,

E. D. [? Sir Edward Dyer].

More wanton than a calf, more sharp than grapes unripe, I find.
You use to come, when pleasant sleep my senses all doth bind :
But you are gone again, when pleasant sleep doth leave mine eye ;
And as a sheep you run, that on the plain a wolf doth spy.

'I then began to love thee, GALATE! when first of all
You, with my mother, came to gather leaves of crow-toe small
Upon our hill ; when I, as Usher, squired you all the way.
Nor when I saw thee first, nor afterwards, nor at this day,
Since then could I refrain! But you, by Jove! nought set thereby!

'But well I know, fair Nymph! the very cause why thus you fly.
Because upon my front, one only brow, with bristles strong,
From one ear to the other ear is stretchèd all along ;
'Neath which, one eye ; and on my lips, a hugy nose there stands.

'Yet I, this such a one, a thousand sheep feed on these lands ;
And pleasant milk I drink, which from the strouting bags is prest.
Nor want I cheese in summer, nor in autumn, of the best ;
Nor yet in winter time. My cheese racks ever laden are ;
And better can I pipe than any CYCLOPS may compare!

'O, apple sweet! of thee and of myself I use to sing ;
And that, at midnight oft. For thee, eleven fawns up I bring,
All great with young ; and four bears' whelps, I nourish up for thee!
But come thou hither first! and thou shalt have them all of me.

'And let the bluish coloured sea beat on the shore so nigh,
The night with me in cave, thou shalt consume more pleasantly!
There are the shady bays, and there tall cypress trees do sprout ;
And there is ivy black, and fertile vines are all about.
Cool water there I have, distilled of the whitest snow,
A drink divine! which out of woody Ætna mount doth flow.
In these respects, who in the sea and waves would rather be!

'But if I seem as yet too rough and savage unto thee,
Great store of oaken wood I have, and never-quenchèd fire ;
And I can well endure my soul to burn with thy desire,
With this my only eye, than which I nothing think more trim.

E. D. [? Sir Edward Dyer].

'Now, woe is me! my mother bore me not with fins to swim!
Then I might dive to thee! that I thy dainty hand might kiss;
If lips thou wouldst not let. Then, would I lilies bring iwis,
And tender poppy-toe that bears a top like rattles red,
And these in summer time: but others are in winter bred,
So that I cannot bring them all at once. Now, certainly,
I'll learn to swim of some or other stranger passing by,
That I may know what pleasure 'tis, in waters deep to dwell.

'Come forth, fair GALATE! and once got out, forget thee well
(As I do, sitting on this rock!) home to return again!
But feed my sheep with me, and for to milk them take the pain!
And cheese to press! and in the milk the rennet sharp to strain! }

'My mother only wrongeth me! and her I blame, for she
Spake never yet to thee one good, or lovely, word of me!
And that, although she daily sees how I away do pine.
But I will say, "My head and feet do ache!" that she may whine,
And sorrow at the heart! because my heart with grief is swollen.

'O, CYCLOPS! CYCLOPS! whither is thy wit and reason flown?
If thou wouldst baskets make, and cut down browsing from the tree,
And bring it to thy lambs, a great deal wiser thou shouldst be!

'Go, coy some present Nymph! Why dost thou follow flying wind?
Perhaps another GALATE, and fairer, thou shalt find!
For many Maidens, in the evening tide, with me will play!
And all do sweetly laugh, when I stand hark'ning what they say;
And I somebody seem, and in the earth do bear a sway! }

Thus POLYPHEMUS singing, fed his raging love of old:
Wherein he sweeter did, than had he sent her sums of gold.

POLYPHEMUS'S EMBLEM.

Ubi Dictamum inveniam?

*A DIALOGUE BETWIXT TWO SEA NYMPHS,
DORIS AND GALATEA,*

CONCERNING POLYPHEMUS.

BRIEFLY TRANSLATED OUT OF LUCIAN.

THE Sea Nymphs late did play them on the shore,
And smiled to see such sport was new begun :
A strife in Love, the like not heard before.
Two Nymphs contend, Which had the conquest won?
DORIS the fair, with GALATE did chide.
She liked her choice ; and to her taunts replied.

DORIS.

Thy Love, fair Nymph ! that courts thee on this plain,
As Shepherds say, and all the World can tell,
Is that foul rude Sicilian CYCLOP Swain.
A shame, sweet Nymph ! that he with thee should mell !

GALATEA.

Smile not, fair DORIS ! though he foul do seem.
Let pass thy words, that savour of disgrace !
He 's worth my love ; and so I him esteem !
Renowned by birth ; and comes of NEPTUNE's race !
NEPTUNE, that doth the glassy ocean tame !
NEPTUNE, by birth from mighty JOVE which came !

Giles Fletcher the Elder, LL.D.

DORIS.

I grant an honour to be NEPTUNE's child ;
A grace to be so near with JOVE allied !
But yet, sweet Nymph ! with this be not beguiled ;
Where Nature's graces are by looks descried.
So foul, so rough, so ugly-like, a Clown !
And worse than this, a monster with one eye !
Foul is not gracèd, though it wear a crown !
But fair is Beauty ! None can that deny !

GALATEA.

Nor is he foul, or shapeless, as you say,
Or worse ; for that he clownish seems to be.
Rough, Satyr-like, the better he will play ;
And manly looks the fitter are for me !
His frowning smiles are gracèd by his beard ;
His eye-light, sun-like, shrouded is in one.
This me contents, and others makes afearèd.
He sees enough ; and therefore wanting none !

DORIS.

Nay, then I see, sweet Nymph ! thou art in love !
And loving, dot'st ! and doting, dost commend
Foul to be fair ! This oft do Lovers prove !
I wish him fairer ; or thy love an end !

GALATEA.

DORIS ! I love not ! yet I hardly bear
Disgraceful terms ; which you have spoke in scorn !
You are not loved ! and that 's the cause, I fear,
For why my Love (of JOVE himself was born)

Giles Fletcher the Elder, LL.D.

Feeding his sheep, of late, amidst this plain,
When as we Nymphs did sport us on the shore,
He scorned you all, my love for to obtain!
That grieved your hearts! I knew as much before!
Nay! smile not, Nymphs! The truth I only tell!
For few can brook that others should excel.

DORIS.

Should I envy, that Blind did you that spite?
Or that your shape doth please so foul a Groom?
The Shepherd thought of milk. You looked so white;
The Clown did err, and foolish was his doom!
Your look was pale, and so his stomach fed;
But far from fair, where white doth want his red!

GALATEA.

Though pale my look; yet he my love did crave!
And lovely You! unliked! unloved! I view.
It 's better far, one base, than none, to have!
Your fair is foul, to whom there 's none will sue!
My Love doth tune his love unto his harp!
His shape is rude; but yet his wit is sharp!

DORIS.

Leave off, sweet Nymph! to grace a worthless Clown!
He itched with love; and then did sing, or say!
The noise was such, as all the Nymphs did frown,
And well suspected that some ass did Bray!

Giles Fletcher the Elder, LL.D.

The woods did chide, to hear his ugly sound ;
The prating ECHO scorned for to repeat.
This grisly voice did fear the hollow ground,
While Art-less fingers did his harp-strings beat.
Two bear whelps in his arms this Monster bore :
With these new puppies did this Wanton play !
Their skins were rough ; but yet your loves were more !
He fouler was, and far more fierce, than they !
I cannot choose, sweet Nymph ! to think, but smile
That some of us, thou fearest, will thee beguile !

GALATEA.

Scorn not my Love, until it can be known
That you have one that 's better, of your own !

DORIS.

I have no Love ! nor, if I had, would boast ;
Yet wooed have been by such as well might speed !
But *him* to love, the Shame of all the coast !
So ugly foul ! as yet, I have no need !
Now thus we learn what foolish love can do !
To think him fair, that 's foul and ugly too !

To hear this talk, I sat behind an oak ;
And marked their words, and penned them as they spoke.

PRINCE PSAMMETICHUS' SONG.

IN Cyprus sat fair VENUS, by a fount,
Wanton ADONIS toying on her knee;
She kissed the Wag, her darling of account.
The boy gan blush: which, when his Lover see,
She smiled, and told him, 'Love might challenge debt;
And he was young, and might be wanton yet!'

The boy waxed bold, firèd by fond desire,
That woo he could, and court her with conceit.
REASON spied this, and sought to quench the fire
With cold disdain; but wily ADON. straight
Cheered up the flame, and said, 'Good Sir! what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet!'

REASON replied, 'That Beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond love!
That when sweet Youth, with lust is overta'en;
It rues in age!' This could not ADON. move!
For VENUS taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet!

Where VENUS strikes with beauty to the quick;
It little 'vails sage REASON to reply!
Few are the cures for such as are lovesick
But love! Then, though I wanton it awry,
And play the wag; from ADON. this I get,
I am but young, and may be wanton yet!

Down the valley gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back.
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear Palmers on the way,
When, with scrip and staff, they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw, like a Swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain;
With a scallop shell before.
Sandals on his feet he wore,
Legs were bare, arms unclad,
Such attire this Palmer had.

His face fair like TITAN's shine,
Gray and buxom were his eyne;
Whereout droppèd pearls of sorrow,
Such sweet tears as Love doth borrow,
When in outward dewes she plains
Heart's distress that Lovers pains.
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks,
Such rare mixture VENUS seeks;
When, to keep her damsels quiet,
BEAUTY sets them down their diet.
ADON. was not thought more fair!
Curlèd locks of amber hair:
Locks where LOVE did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazers' eyne.
Such a Palmer ne'er was seen
'Less LOVE himself had Palmer been!

Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief deciphered high disgrace.
Every step strainèd a tear.
Sudden sighs showèd his fear.
And yet his fear, by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight;
That his Passions did approve
Weeds and Sorrow were for Love!

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of Content!
The quiet mind is richer than a crown!
Sweet are the nights, in careless slumber spent!
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown!
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,
Beggars enjoy; when Princes oft do miss!

The homely house, that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage, that affords nor pride, nor care;
The mean, that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss!
A mind content, both crown and kingdom is!

THE MERRY ECCLÉSIE

FRANCIS DORON AND CARMELA.

FRANCIS DORON. CARMELA! here are combs for thy
tresses black as jet, or like my Christmas cakes
which under which my leathern bottle stinks.
CARMELA! let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA. Ah! my Heart! Thou art as small
as a mother's calf, or brimmed dew:
Thou art like the slow-worms in the night
Thou art like the thickest of the snow.

FRANCIS DORON. Thy face are deep and clear,
Thou art purrows of my father's wain:
Thou art my face doth oft appear
Thou art my mother's fat and kitchen gain!

CARMELA. And kiss my lips, my Love.
For I have given them thee
Thou shalt wear my glove!
Thou shalt my Champion be.

FRANCIS DORON. As the Golden Ball
Such are thy goodly eyes!
I have stumbled therewithal,
I have the steam of apple-pies!

Robert Greene.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair!
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine!
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air!
Would God! thy toes, thy lips, and all, were mine!

CARMELA. DORON! what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON. 'Tis LOVE! CARMELA! Ah! 'tis cruel LOVE!
That, like a slave and caitiff villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy, for thy behoove!

CARMELA. Where was he born?

DORON. In faith! I know not where!
But I have heard much talking of his dart!
Ay me! poor man! with many a trampling tear,
I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart!

What! do I love? O, no! I do but talk!
What! shall I die for love? O, no! not so!
What! am I dead? O, no! my tongue doth walk!
Come, kiss, CARMELA! and confound my woe!

*CARMELA. Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet Indentures of Delight!
Before I break my vow, the Gods forbid!
No! not by day; nor yet by darksome night!*

DORON. Even with this garland, made of hollyhocks,
I cross thy brows from every Shepherd's kiss.
Heigh-ho! How glad am I to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a free man is!

Robert Greene.

*CARMELA. I thank you, DORON! and will think on you!
I love you, DORON! and will wink on you!
I seal your Charter Patent with my thumbs;
Come, kiss, and part! for fear my mother comes.*

THE PALMER'S ODE.

OLD MENALCAS, on a day,
As in field this Shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to CORIDON, That he
Once was young, and full of glee.
‘Blithe and wanton was I then.
Such desires follow men!
‘As I lay, and kept my sheep,
Came the God that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queen DESIRE;
And with a dart, that wounded nigh,
Pierced my heart as I did lie.
That, when I woke, I gan swear
PHILLIS' beauty, palm did bear!
‘Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye.

There I saw DESIRE sit,
That my heart with love had hit;
Laying forth bright Beauty's hooks
To intrap my gazing looks.

'Love I did; and gan to woo,
Pray, and sigh! All would not do!
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.

Coy she was; and I gan court!
She thought Love was but a sport!

'Profound Hell was in my thought;
Such a pain DESIRE had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears!
Still, ingrate, she stopped her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.

'Last, a Passion of Repent
Told me flat, That desire
Was a brand of Love's fire;
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, Youth, Wit, and all!

At this saw, back I start,
Beat desire from my heart,
Shook off Love; and made an oath
To be enemy to both.

Old I was, when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloyed my head:
But this, I learned at Virtue's gate,
The way to good is never late!

MARS, in a fury 'gainst Love's brightest Queen,
Put on his helm, and took him to his lance.
On Erycinus' Mount were Mavors seen ;
And there his ensigns did the God advance :
And, by Heaven's greatest gates ! he stoutly swore
' VENUS should die ! for she had wronged him sore !'

CUPID heard this ; and he began to cry,
And wished his mother's absence for a while !
' Peace, fool !' quoth VENUS. ' Is it I must die ?
Must it be MARS ?' With that, she coined a smile ;
She trimmed her tresses, and did curl her hair ;
And made her face with beauty passing fair !

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went.
She passed the place where furious MARS did stand ;
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent.
Then from her brow leapt out so sharp a frown
That MARS, for fear, threw all his armour down !

He vowed repentance for his rash misdeed ;
Blaming his choler that had caused his woe !
VENUS grew gracious, and with him agreed ;
But charged him, not to threaten Beauty so !
For women's looks are such enchanting charms
As can subdue the greatest God in arms !

Robert Greene.

SOME say, Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the Gods!
I say, Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds!
Some swear, Love,
Smoothed-face Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have!
I say, Love,
Sour Love,
Makes Virtue yield as Beauty's slave!
A bitter sweet! A folly worst of all,
That forceth Wisdom to be Folly's thrall!

Love is sweet,
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain!
Beauty, sweet.
Is that sweet
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love 's sweet,
Herein sweet
That minutes' joys are monthly woes!
'Tis not sweet
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows!
Then love who list, if Beauty be so sour!
Labour for me! Love rest in Prince's bower!

Robert Greene.

WHEN lordly SATURN, in a sable robe,
Sat, full of frowns and mourning, in the West,
The Evening Star scarce peeped from out her
lodge,
And PHÆBUS newly galloped to his rest ;
Even then
Did I,
Within my boat, sit in the silent streams ;
All void of cares, as he that lies and dreams.

As PHAO, so a Ferryman was I !
The Country Lasses said, ' I was too fair !'
With easy toil, I laboured at mine oar,
To pass from side to side who did repair.
And then
Did I
For pains take pence ; and, CHARON-like, transport
As soon the Swain as men of high import.

When want of work did give me leave to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish.
So did I wear the tedious time away ;
And with my labour mended oft my dish.
For why
I thought
That idle hours were Calendars of Ruth ;
And time ill-spent was prejudice to Youth.

Robert Greene.

I scorned to love! For were the Nymph as fair
As she that loved the beauteous Latmian Swain;
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her brows
Like ivory, could my affection gain!
For why
I said
With high disdain, 'Love is a base desire;
And CUPID's flames, why, they're but wat'ry fire!'

As thus I sat, disdainful of proud love,
'Have over, Ferryman!' there cried a Boy;
And with him was a paragon for hue,
A lovely Damsel, beauteous and coy;
And there
With her,
A Maiden covered with a tawny veil;
Her face unseen for breeding Lovers' bale.

I steered my boat, and when I came to shore,
The Boy was winged! Methought, it was a wonder!
The Dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runs before the hot report of thunder.
Her smiles
Were sweet!
Lovely, her face! Was ne'er so fair a creature!
For earthly carcase had a heavenly feature.

Robert Greene.

My friend!' quoth she, 'sweet Ferryman! behold!
We three must pass; but not a farthing fare!
But I will give, for I am Queen of Love!
The brightest Lass thou lik'st unto thy share!
Choose where
Thou lov'st!
Be she as fair as LOVE's sweet Lady is,
She shall be thine! if that will be thy bliss.'

With that, she smiled with such a pleasing face
As might have made the marble rock relent:
But I, that triumphed in disdain of Love,
Bade, 'Fie on him, that to fond Love was bent!'
And then
Said thus,
'So light the Ferryman for Love doth care,
As VENUS pass not, if she pay no fare!'

At this, a frown sat on her angry brow.
She winks upon her wanton son hard by.
He, from his quiver, drew a bolt of fire;
And aimed so right, as that he pierced mine eye:
And then
Did she
Draw down the veil, that hid the Virgin's face;
Whose heavenly beauty lightened all the place.

Robert Greene.

Straight then, I leaned my ear upon mine arm;
And looked upon the Nymph, if so was fair?
Her eyes were stars; and like APOLLO's locks,
Methought, appeared the trammels of her hair!
Thus did
I gaze,
And sucked in beauty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuel on, and set my thought on fire!

When I was lodged within the Net of Love,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame;
The Nymph away! and with her, trips along
The wingèd Boy; and with her, goes his Dame!
O, then
I cried,
'Stay, Ladies! stay! and take not any care!
You all shall pass; and pay no penny fare!'

Away they fling! and, looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud disdain!
I send out sighs to overtake the Nymphs;
And tears, as lures, to call them back again:
But they
Fly thence!
But I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain; but know not what 's the sore!

At last, I feel it is the flame of Love!
I strive, but bootless, to express the pain!
It cools, it fires! It hopes, it fears! It frets
And stirreth Passions throughout every vein!
That down
I sat,
And, sighing, did fair VENUS' Laws approve;
And swore, 'No thing so sweet, and sour, as Love!'

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

AH! what is Love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a Shepherd as a King!
And sweeter too!
For Kings have cares that wait upon a Crown;
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown!
Ah! then, Ah! then,
If Country Loves such sweet desires do gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd Swain!

His flocks are folded. He comes home, at night,
As merry as a King in his delight!

And merrier too!
For Kings bethink them, what the State require;
Where Shepherds careless carol by the fire!

Ah! then, Ah! then,
If Country Loves such sweet desires do gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd Swain!

He kisseth first. Then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the King his meat!

And blither too!

For Kings have often fears, when they do sup;
Where Shepherds dread no poison in their cup!

Ah! then, Ah! then,

If Country Loves such sweet desires do gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd Swain! . . .

Upon his couch of straw, he sleeps as sound
As doth the King upon his bed of down!

More sounder too!

For cares cause Kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary Shepherds lie and snort their fill.

Ah! then, Ah! then,

If Country Loves such sweet desires do gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd Swain!

Thus, with his Wife, he spends the year as blithe
As doth the King at every tide or sithe!

And blither too!

For Kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When Shepherds laugh and love upon the land!

Ah! then, Ah! then,

If Country Loves such sweet desires do gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd Swain!

Robert Greene.

What thing is Love? It is a Power divine
That reigns in us; or else a wreakful Law
That dooms our minds, to Beauty to incline!
It is a Star; whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to Love, dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and sight!

Love is a Discord, and a strange divorce
Between our Sense and Reason; by whose power,
As mad with Reason, we admit that force
Which Wit or Labour never may devour!
It is a Will that brooketh no consent!
It would refuse; yet never may repent!

Love is a Desire which, for to wait a time,
Doth lose an Age of years; and so doth pass
As doth the shadow severed from his prime,
Seeming as though it were; yet never was!
Leaving behind nought but repentant thought
Of days ill spent, for that which profits nought.

It is now a Peace; and then a sudden War!
A Hope consumed before it is conceived!
A hand it fears; and menaceth afar!
And he that gains, is most of all deceived!
It is a Secret hidden, and not known;
What one may better feel than write upon!

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ARBASTO'S SONG,

CASTING FROM HIM THE PICTURE OF FORTUNE.

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh!
That which I feared, I now despise!
My victor once, my vassal is!
My foe constrained, my weal supplies!
Thus do I triumph on my foe;
I weep at weal! I laugh at woe!

My care is cured; yet hath none end!
Not that I want; but that I have!
My chance was change; yet still I stay!
I would have less; and yet I crave!
Ay me! poor wretch! that thus do live:
Constrained to take; yet forced to give!

She, whose delights are signs of death,
Who when she smiles, begins to lower,
Constant in this, that still she change;
Her sweetest gifts Time proves but sour!
I live in care, crossed with her guile!
Through her, I weep! at her, I smile!

INFIDA'S SONG.

SWEET ADON.! dar'st not glance thine eye

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Upon thy VENUS, that must die!

Je vous en prie, pity me!

N'oserez vous, mon bel! mon bel!

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

See, how sad thy VENUS lies,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Love in heart, and tears in eyes!

Je vous en prie, pity me!

N'oserez vous, mon bel! mon bel!

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks;

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Wherein Fancy baits her hooks.

Je vous en prie, pity me!

N'oserez vous, mon bel! mon bel!

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Amongst the western mounts of snow.

Je vous en prie, pity me!

N'oserez vous, mon bel! mon bel!

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

Robert Greene.

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !
Thy neck as silver, white as dove.
Je vous en prie, pity me !
Noserez vous, mon bel ! mon bel !
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !
Burn all my thoughts, with sweet desires !
Je vous en prie, pity me !
Noserez vous, mon bel ! mon bel !
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !

All thy beauties sting my heart !
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !
I must die, through CUPID's dart !
Je vous en prie, pity me !
Noserez vous, mon bel ! mon bel !
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !

Wilt thou let thy VENUS die ?
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !
ADON. were unkind ! say I !
Je vous en prie, pity me !
Noserez vous, mon bel ! mon bel !
Noserez vous, mon bel ami !

Robert Greene.

To let fair VENUS die for woe!
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!
That doth love sweet ADON. so!
Je vous en prie, pity me!
N'oserez vous, mon bel! mon bel!
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami!

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains;
And CORIDON did feed his flocks hard by.
This Shepherd was the flower of all the Swains
That traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly:
And PHILLIS, that did far her flocks surpass,
In silver hue, was thought a bonny Lass.

A bonny Lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
Was lovely PHILLIS! COLIN swore so!
Her locks, her looks, did set the Swain on fire!
He left his lambs, and he began to woo!
He looked. He sighed. He courted with a kiss.
No better could the silly Swad than this!

He little knew to paint a Tale of Love!
Shepherds can fancy; but they cannot say!
PHILLIS gan smile; and, wily, thought to prove
What uncouth grief poor CORIDON did pay.

Robert Greene.

She asked him, How his flocks, or he, did fare?
Yet, pensive, thus his sighs did tell his care.

The Shepherd blushed, when PHILLIS questioned so;
And swore, by PAN! it was not for his flock!
‘Tis love, fair PHILLIS! breedeth all this woe!
My thoughts are trapped within thy lovely locks!
Thine eye hath pierced! thy face hath set on fire!
Fair PHILLIS kindleth CORIDON’s desire!’

‘Can Shepherds love?’ said PHILLIS to the Swain.
‘Such Saints as PHILLIS!’ CORIDON replied.
‘Men, when they lust, can many fancies feign!’
Said PHILLIS. This not CORIDON denied.
‘That lust had lies; but love,’ quoth he, ‘says truth!’
Thy Shepherd loves; then, PHILLIS! what ensu’th?’

PHILLIS was wan. She blushed, and hung her head;
The Swain stepped to, and cheered her with a kiss.
With ‘faith!’ and ‘troth!’ they stroke the matter dead.
So usèd they, when men thought not amiss.
This Love began and ended both in one.
PHILLIS was loved; and she liked CORIDON.

THROUGH the shrubs as I can crack,
For my lambs' little ones;
'Mongst many pretty ones
(Nymphs, I mean!), whose hair was black
As the crow,
Like the snow
Her face and brows shined, I ween!
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen
As was she,
On her knee
That lulled the God, whose arrow warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-faced pretty ones,
As dally in Love's chiefest harms.
Such was mine,
Whose gay eyne
Made me love. I gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one.
I wooed hard, a day or two,
Till She bad
'Be not sad!
Woo no more! I am thine own!
Thy dearest little one!
Thy truest pretty one!'
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

TERENTIA'S SONG.

FOND feigning Poets make of Love a God ;
And leave the laurel, for the myrtle boughs !
When CUPID is a Child not past the rod ;
And fair DIANA DAPHNIS most allows !
I'll wear the bays ; and call the Wag, a Boy !
And think of Love but as a foolish toy !

Some give him bow and quiver at his back ;
Some make him blind, to aim without advise :
When, naked wretch ! such feathered bolts he lack ;
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise !
For use but labours weapon for defence ;
And CUPID, like a coward, flieth hence !

He is a God in Court ; but Cottage calls him Child !
And VESTA's Virgins, with their holy fires,
Do cleanse the thoughts that Fancy hath defiled ;
And burn the Palace of his fond desires !
With chaste disdain, they scorn the foolish God ;
And prove him but a Boy not past the rod !

It was a valley gaudy green,
Where DIAN. at the Fount was seen.
 Green it was,
 And did pass
All other of DIANA's bowers,
In the pride of FLORA's flowers.

A Fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress trees,
 Set so nigh
 As PHŒBUS' eye
Could not do the Virgins scath,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight.
 Virgins so
 Ought to go ;
For white, in Armory, is placed
To be the colour that is chaste. . . .

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her Virgins in a round,
 Bathing their
 Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high
'Fie! on VENUS' flatt'ring eye!

Robert Greene.

'Fie! on Love! It is a toy!
CUPID witless, and a Boy!
All his fires
And desires
Are plagues, that God sent down from high
To pester men with misery!'

As thus the Virgins did disdain
Lovers' joy and Lovers' pain,
CUPID nigh
Did espy;
Grieving at DIANA's Song,
Slyly stole these Maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire;
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And, at the entrance, made them start;
For it ran from eye to heart!

CALLISTO straight supposed Jove
Was fair, and frolic for to love.
DIAN., she
'Scaped not free;
For, well I wot, hereupon
She loved the Swain ENDYMION.

Robert Greene.

CLITIA, PHŒBUS; and CLORIS' eye
Thought none so fair as MERCURY.

VENUS thus
Did discuss,
By her son, in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire!

DIAN. rose, with all her Maids,
Blushing thus at LOVE's braids.
With sighs, all
Shew their thrall;
And flinging hence, pronounce this saw,
'What so strong as Love's sweet law?'

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

WEEP not, my Wanton! smile, upon my knee!
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee!

Mother's wag, pretty boy!
Father's sorrow, father's joy!
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me;
He was glad; I was woe!
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow; first his joy!

Robert Greene.

Weep not, my Wanton! smile, upon my knee!
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee!

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell, by course, from his eyes,
That one, another's place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy!

Weep not, my Wanton! smile, upon my knee!
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee!

The Wanton smiled; father wept!
Mother cried; baby leapt!
More he crowed, more we cried;
Nature could not sorrow hide!
He must go! He must kiss
Child and mother; baby bliss!
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy!

Weep not, my Wanton! smile, upon my knee!
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee!

LIKE to DIANA in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair SAMELA!
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, washed by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair SAMELA!

As fair AURORA, in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glisten of her Love,
Is fair SAMELA!
Like lovely THETIS on a calmèd day
When as her brightness NEPTUNE's fancy move[s],
Shines fair SAMELA!

Her tresses gold; her eyes like glassy streams;
Her teeth are pearl! The breasts are ivory
Of fair SAMELA!
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams;
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony!
Thus fair SAMELA

Passeth fair VENUS in her bravest hue,
And JUNO in the show of majesty:
For she 's SAMELA!
PALLAS in wit. All three, if you well view,
For Beauty, Wit, and matchless Dignity,
Yield to SAMELA!

FAREWELL, false LOVE! the Oracle of lies!
A mortal foe and enemy to rest!
An envious Boy, from whom all cares arise!
A bastard vile! A beast with rage possest!
A way of error! A Temple full of treason!
In all effects, contrary unto reason!

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers!
Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose!
A sea of sorrows, from whence are drawn such showers
As moisture lend to every grief that grows!
A school of guile! A net of deep deceit!
A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait!

A fortress foiled, which Reason did defend!
A Siren Song! A fever of the mind!
A maze, wherein affection finds no end!
A raging cloud, that runs before the wind!
A substance like the shadow of the sun!
A goal of grief, for which the wisest run!

A quenchless fire! A nurse of trembling fear!
A path that leads to peril and mishap!
A true retreat of sorrow and despair!
An idle Boy that sleeps in Pleasure's lap!
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems!
A hope of that which Reason doubtful deems!

LOVE, in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet.
Now with his wings, he plays with me;
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes, he makes his nest;
His bed, amidst my tender breast.
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest!
Ah! Wanton! will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The lifelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string.
He music plays, if so I sing.
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet, cruel! he my heart doth sting!
Whist! Wanton! still ye!

Else I, with roses, every day,
Will whip you hence!
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence!
I'll shut mine eyes, to keep you in!
I'll make you fast it, for your sin!
I'll count your power not worth a pin!
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

Thomas Lodge, M.D.

What if I beat the wanton Boy
With many a rod!
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God!
Then, sit thou safely on my knee;
And let thy bower my bosom be!
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee!
O, CUPID! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

CORIDON'S SONG.

A BLITHE and bonny Country Lass
Heigh-ho! the bonny Lass!
Sat sighing on the tender grass,
And, weeping, said, 'Will none come woo me?'
A smicker boy, a lither Swain,
Heigh-ho! a smicker Swain!
That in his love was wanton fain,
With smiling looks, straight came unto her.

When as the wanton Wench espied
Heigh-ho! when she espied!
The means to make herself a Bride,
She simpered smooth like bonny bell.
The Swain, that saw her squint-eyed kind,
Heigh-ho! squint-eyed kind!
His arms about her body twined,
And 'Fair Lass, how fare ye? Well!'

The Country Kit said, 'Well! forsooth!'
Heigh-ho! 'Well, forsooth!'
'But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me cry!'
'Alas!' said he, 'what gars thy grief?'
Heigh-ho! 'what gars thy grief?'
'A wound,' quoth she, 'without relief!
I fear a Maid that I shall die!'

'If that be all,' the Shepherd said,
Heigh-ho! the Shepherd said!
'I'll make thee wive it, gentle Maid;
And so recure thy malady!'
Hereon they kissed, with many an oath!
Heigh-ho! with many an oath!
And 'fore God PAN did plight their troth;
And to the Church, they hied them fast!

And God send every pretty peat,
Heigh-ho! the pretty peat!
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a friend, to help at last!

THE earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green ;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen ;
The heavens laugh, at her glory :
Yet bide I sad and sorry !

The woods are decked with leaves,
And trees are clothèd gay,
And FLORA, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play ;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack !

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices ;
And chant, in their degrees,
Their loves and lucky choices :
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs, my arms am wringing !

The thrushes seek the shade ;
And I, my fatal grave !
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have !
They free, I thrall ! They jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly !

THE HAMADRYAD'S SONG.

PLUCK the fruit, and taste the pleasure,
Youthful Lordings, of delight!
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight!
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and Pleasure is there none!

Here on earth nothing is stable!
Fortune's changes well are known!
Whilst as Youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of Joy be sown!
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and Pleasure is there none!

Feast it freely with your Lovers!
Blithe and wanton sweets do fade!
Whilst that lovely CUPID hovers
Round about this lovely shade,
Sport it freely one to one!
After death is Pleasure none!

Now, the pleasant Spring allureth;
And both place and time invite.
Out! alas! What heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delight!
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and Pleasure is there none!

ROSADER'S SONG.

TURN I my looks unto the skies;
LOVE, with his arrows, wounds mine eyes!
If so I gaze upon the ground;
LOVE then in every flower is found!
Search I the shade, to fly my pain;
He meets me in the shade again!
Wend I to walk in secret grove;
Even there, I meet with sacred LOVE!
If so I bairn me in the spring;
Even on the brink, I hear him sing!
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan!
If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
And where I am, there will he be!
When as I talk of ROSALYNDE
The God, from coyness waxeth kind;
And seems in selfsame flames to fry,
Because he loves as well as I!
Sweet ROSALYNDE! for pity rue!
For why, than LOVE I am more true!
He, if he speed, will quickly fly;
But in thy love I live and die!

*THE WOOING EGLOGUE
BETWIXT ROSALYNDE AND ROSADER.*

ROSADER.

I PRAY thee, Nymph! by all the working words,
By all the tears and sighs, that Lovers know,
Or what or thoughts, or falt'ring tongue, affords;
I crave for mine, in ripping up my woe!
Sweet ROSALYNDE, my Love! (Would God my Love!)
My Life! (Would God my Life!) ay, pity me!
Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove;
And but with Beauty, Pity will not be!
Look on mine eyes, made red with rueful tears;
From whence the rain of true remorse descendeth!
All pale in looks, and I, though young in years,
And nought but Love, or Death, my days befriendeth!
O, let no stormy rigour knit thy brows!
Which LOVE appointed for his Mercy Seat.
The tallest tree, by BOREAS' breath it bows!
The iron yields, with hammer, and to heat!
O, ROSALYNDE! then, be thou pitiful!
For ROSALYNDE is only beautiful!

ROSALYNDE.

Love's Wantons arm their trait'rous suits with tears!
With vows! with oaths! with looks! with showers
of gold!
But when the fruit of their affects appears,
The simple heart, by subtle sleights, is sold!

Thus, sucks the yielding ear the poisoned bait!
Thus, feeds the heart upon his endless harms!
Thus, glut the thoughts themselves on self-deceit!
Thus, blind the eyes their sight by subtle charms!
The lovely looks, the sighs that storm so sore,
The dew of deep dissembled doubleness,
These may attempt; but are of power no more,
Where Beauty leans to Wit and Soothfastness!
O, ROSADER! then, be thou wittiful!
For ROSALYNDE scorns foolish pitiful!

ROSADER.

I pray thee, ROSALYNDE! by those sweet eyes
That stain the Sun in shine, the Morn in clear!
By those sweet cheeks, where LOVE encampèd lies,
To kiss the roses of the springing year!
I tempt thee, ROSALYNDE! by ruthless plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit or fraudulent guile;
But firm in pain, far more than tongue depaints;
Sweet Nymph! be kind, and grace me with a smile!
So may the heavens preserve from hurtful food
Thy harmless flocks! So may the Summer yield
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy sheep, the citizens of field!
O, leave to arm thy lovely brows with scorn!
The birds, their beak; the lion hath his tail:
And Lovers, nought but sighs and bitter mourn,
The spotless Fort of Fancy to assail!
O, ROSALYNDE! then, be thou pitiful!
For ROSALYNDE is only beautiful!

Thomas Lodge, M.D.

ROSALYNDE.

The hardened steel, by fire is brought in frame!

ROSADER.

And ROSALYNDE, my Love! than any wool more softer!
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?

ROSALYNDE.

Were Lovers true; Maids would believe them after!

ROSADER.

Truth, and regard, and honour guide my love!

ROSALYNDE.

Fain would I trust; but yet I dare not try!

ROSADER.

O, pity me, sweet Nymph! and do but prove!

ROSALYNDE.

I would resist; but yet I know not Why?

ROSADER.

O, ROSALYNDE! be kind! For times will change!
Thy looks aye nill be fair, as now they be!
Thine age, from beauty may thy looks estrange'
Ah! yield in time, sweet Nymph! and pity me!

ROSALYNDE.

O, ROSALYNDE! thou must be pitiful!
For ROSADER is young and beautiful!

ROSADER.

O, gain more great than kingdoms, or a crown!

ROSALYNDE.

O, trust betrayed! if ROSADER abuse me!

ROSADER.

First, let the heavens conspire to pull me down;
And heaven and earth, as abject, quite refuse me!
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And restless horror hatch within my breast;
Let Beauty's eye afflict me with a lower;
Let deep despair pursue me without rest;
Ere ROSALYNDE, my loyalty disprove!
Ere ROSALYNDE accuse me for unkind!

ROSALYNDE.

Then, ROSALYNDE will grace thee, with her love!
Then, ROSALYNDE will have thee still in mind!

ROSADER.

Then, let me triumph more than TITHON's Dear,
Since ROSALYNDE will ROSADER respect!
Then let my face exile his sorry cheer,
And frolic in the comfort of affect!
And say that ROSALYNDE is only pitiful,
Since ROSALYNDE is only beautiful!

Anonymous.

UPON a summer's day, LOVE went to swim ;
And cast himself into a sea of tears.
The clouds called in their light, and heaven waxed dim;
And sighs did raise a tempest, causing fears.
The naked Boy could not so wield his arms,
But that the waves were masters of his might ;
And threatened him to work far greater harms,
If he devisèd not to 'scape by flight.
Then for a boat, his quiver stood instead.
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast.
Whereby to sail, his cloth of veil he spread.
His shafts, for oars, on either board he cast.
From shipwreck safe this Wag got thus to shore ;
And sware to bathe in Lovers' tears no more !

WHEN younglings first on CUPID fix their sight,
And see him naked, blindfold, and a Boy :
Though bow, and shafts, and firebrand be his might ;
Yet ween they, he can work them none annoy !
And therefore with his purple wings they play,
For glorious seemeth LOVE, though light as feather !
And when they have done, they ween to 'scape away,
For, 'Blind men,' they say, 'shoot, they know not
whither !'
But when, by proof, they find that he did see,
And that his wound did rather dim their sight ;
They wonder more, How such a lad as he
Should be of such surpassing power and might !
But ants have galls, so hath the bee his sting ;
Then shield me, Heavens ! from such a subtle thing !

Anonymous.

Is LOVE a Boy? What means he then to strike?
Or is he blind? Why will he be a guide?
Is he a Man? Why doth he hurt his like?
Is he a God? Why doth he men deride?
No one of these; but one compact of all!
A wilful Boy, a Man still dealing blows,
Of purpose blind to lead men to their thrall,
A God that rules unruly, God he knows.
Boy! pity me, that am a child again!
Blind be no more, my guide to make me stray!
Man! use thy might, to force away my pain!
God! do me good; and lead me to my way!
And if thou beest a Power to me unknown;
Power of my life! let here thy grace be shown!

AND think ye, Nymphs! to scorn at LOVE,
As if his fire were but of straws!
He made the mighty Gods above
To stoop and bow unto his laws!
And, with his shaft of Beauty bright,
He slays the hearts that scorn his might!

LOVE is a fit of pleasure
Bred out of idle brains;
His fancies have no measure,
No more than have his pains!
His vain affections, like the weather,
Precise, or fond, we wot not Whether?

TO THE LEARNED SHEPHERD.

COLIN! I see, by thy new-taken task,
Some sacred fury hath enriched thy brains!
That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to mask,
And loathe the Lays that 'long to lowly Swains;
That lifts thy notes from Shepherds unto Kings;
So like the lively lark that, mounting, sings.

Thy lovely ROSALIND seems now forlorn;
And all thy gentle flocks forgotten quite!
Thy changèd heart now holds thy pipes in scorn,
Those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight!
Those trusty mates, that lovèd thee so well;
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee
the bell!

Yet as thou earst, with thy sweet Roundelays,
Didst stir to glee our Lads, in homely bowers;
So mought'st thou now, in these refinèd Lays,
Delight the dainty ears of higher Powers!
And so mought they, in their deep scanning skill,
Allow and grace our COLIN's flowing quill!

Gabriel Harvey.

And fair befall that *Faery Queen* of thine!
In whose fair eyes Love linked with Virtue sits;
Infusing, by those beauties, fires divine,
Such high conceits, into thy humble wits,
As raisèd hath poor Pastor's oaten reed
From rustic tunes, to chant heroic deeds.

So mought thy Red Cross Knight, with happy hand,
Victorious be in that fair Island's right;
Which thou dost veil in type of Fairy Land,
ELISA's blessèd field, that Albion hight;
That shields her friends, and wars her mighty foes;
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flows.

But, jolly Shepherd! though, with pleasing style,
Thou feast the humour of the Courtly Train;
Let not conceit, thy settled sense beguile;
Ne daunted be, through envy, or disdain!
Subject thy doom to her empiring spright!
From whence thy Muse, and all the World,
take light.

HOBBINOL.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

A VISION,

UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE 'FAERY QUEEN.'

METHOUGHT, I saw the grave where LAURA lay
Within that Temple, where the Vestal flame
Was wont to burn : and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair LOVE and fairer VIRTUE kept ;
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen !
At whose approach, the soul of PETRARCH wept ;
And from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen !
For they, this Queen attended. In whose stead,
OBLIVION laid him down on LAURA's hearse !
Hereat, the hardest stones were seen to bleed ;
And groans of buried ghosts, the heavens did pierce.
Where HOMER's spright did tremble, all for grief ;
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief !

THE praise of meaner Wits, this Work like profit brings,
As doth the cuckoo's song delight, when PHILUMENA sings.
If thou hast formed right, true Virtue's face herein ;
Virtue herself can best discern, to whom they written bin !
If thou hast Beauty praised ; let her sole looks divine
Judge if aught therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne !
If Chastity want aught ; or Temperance, her due ;
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queen anew !
Meanwhile, she shall perceive, how far her virtues soar
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of yore :
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;
Whose virtue cannot be expressed, but by an Angel's quill !
Of me, no lines are loved, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy
device !

*AN EPITAPH UPON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.*

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit (thy wit high, pure, divine!)
Is far beyond the power of mortal line;
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in Learning's lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life supprest,
Thy dear life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I (that, in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought;
As one that seld the rising sun hath sought),
With words and tears, now wail thy timeless fate.

Drawn was thy race aright from Princely line;
Nor less than such, by gifts that Nature gave
(The common mother that all creatures have),
Doth virtue show and Princely lineage shine.

A King gave thee thy name. A kingly mind,
That GOD thee gave! who found it now too dear
For this base world; and hath resumed it near,
To sit in skies, and sort with Powers divine.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Kent, thy birthdays; and Oxford held thy youth.
The heavens made haste; and stayed nor years, nor
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime. [time.
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the seals of truth.

Great gifts, and wisdom rare, employed thee thence.
To treat, from Kings, with those more great than
Kings:
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported thence.

Whence to sharp wars, sweet Honour did thee call!
Thy country's love, religion, and thy friends!
Of worthy men, the marks, the lives, and ends;
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Grief, sorrow, sickness, and base Fortune's might!
Thy rising day saw never woeful night;
But passed, with praise, from off this worldly Stage.

Back to the Camp, by thee, that day, were brought,
First, thine own death; and after, thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers; the proud Castilians' shame;
Virtue expressed; and Honour truly taught.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

What hath he lost? that such great grace hath won!
Young years, for endless years! and hope unsure
Of Fortune's gifts, for wealth that still shall dure!
O, happy race! with so great praises run!

England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same;
Flanders, thy valour, where it last was tried;
The Camp, thy sorrow, where thy body died;
Thy friends, thy want; the World, thy virtue's fame;

Nations, thy wit; our minds lay up thy love;
Letters, thy Learning; thy loss, years long to come.
In worthy hearts, sorrow hath made thy tomb;
Thy soul and sp'rit enrich the Heavens above.

Thy liberal heart embalmed in grateful tears!
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs bewail thy fall!
Envy, her sting; and Spite hath left her gall!
Malice herself a mourning garment wears!

That day their HANNIBAL died, our SCIPIO fell!
SCIPIO, CICERO, and PETRARCH of our Time!
Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme,
Let Angels speak! and Heaven, thy praises tell!

WHAT fair pomp have I spied of glittering Ladies!
With locks sparkled abroad, and rosy coronet
On their ivory brows; tracked to the dainty thighs
With robes like Amazons, blue as violet;
With gold aiglets adorned, some in a changeable
Pale; with spangs wavering taught to be movable

Then those Knights, that afar off, with dolorous viewing,
Cast their eyes hitherward: lo! in an agony,
All unbraced, cry aloud! their heavy state ruing;
Moist cheeks with blubbering painted as ebony
Black; their felted hair torn with a wrathful hand:
And, whiles astonied, stark in a maze they stand.

But, hark! what merry sound! what sudden harmony!
Look! look near the grove! where the Ladies do tread
With their Knights the measures weighed by the melody.
Wantons! whose traversing make men enamoured.
Now they fain an honour! Now, by the slender waist,
He must her aloft! and seal a kiss in haste!

Straight down under a shadow for weariness they lie;
With pleasant dalliance, hand knit, with arm in arm,
Now close, now set aloof; they gaze with equal eye,
Changing kisses alike. Straight, with a false alarm,
Mocking kisses alike, pout with a lovely lip. [slip!
Thus, drowned with jollities, their merry days do
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Thomas Campion, M.D.

But, stay! now I discern they go on a pilgrimage
Towards Love's Holy Land, fair Paphos or Cyprus.
Such devotion is meet for a blithesome age!
With sweet Youth, it agrees well to be amorous!
Let old angry Fathers lurk in a hermitage!
Come, we'll associate this jolly pilgrimage!

A DAY, a night, an hour, of sweet content
Is worth a world consumed in fretful care!
Unequal Gods! in your arbitrement,
To sort us days whose sorrows endless are!
And yet what were it? as a fading flower,
To swim in bliss a day, a night, an hour!

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain, that none shall ever find
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Doth Sorrow fret thy soul? O, direful spirit!
Doth Pleasure feed thy heart? O, blessèd man!
Hast thou been happy once? O, heavy plight!
Are thy mishaps forepast? O, happy then!
Or hast thou bliss in eld? O, bliss too late!
But hast thou bliss in youth? O, sweet estate!

Samuel Daniel.

Go, wailing Verse! the infant of my love,
MINERVA-like, brought forth without a mother,
That bears the image of the cares I prove,
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other!
Sigh out a Story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair!
A monument, that whosoever reads
May justly praise and blame my lovely Fair!
Say, Her disdain hath dried up my blood;
And starvèd you, in succours still denying!
Press to her eyes! Importune me some good!
Waken her sleeping cruelty, with crying!
Knock at her hard heart! Say, I perish for her;
And fear this deed will make the World abhor her!

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore!
Yield CYTHEREA's son those arks of love!
Bequeath the heavens the stars, that I adore!
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove!
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white!
To Arabian odour give thy breathing sweet!
Restore thy blush unto AURORA bright!
To THETIS give the honour of thy feet!
Let VENUS have the graces she resigned!
And thy sweet voice yield to harmonious Spheres!
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears!
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again!
So shalt thou cease to plague; and I, to pain!

Samuel Daniel.

REIGN in my thoughts, fair Hand! sweet Eye! rare Voice!
Possess me whole, my heart's Triumvirate!
Yet heavy heart, to make so hard a choice
Of such as spoil thy whole afflicted state!
For, whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down!
They all erect their Triumphs on my fall;
And yield me nought, who gains them their renown.
When back I look, and sigh my freedom past,
And wail the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune ever like to last;
Finding me reined with such a cruel hand,
What can I do but yield? and yield I do,
And serve them all; and yet they spoil me too!

ONCE may I see, when years may wreak my wrong,
And golden hairs may change to silver wire,
And those bright rays (that kindle all this fire!)
Shall fail in force; their power not so strong.
Her beauty, now the burden of my Song,
Whose glorious blaze the World's eye doth admire,
Must yield her praise to tyrant Time's desire!
Then fades the flower, which fed her pride so long!
When, if She grieve to gaze her in her Glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue,
Go you, my Verse! Go, tell her what She was!
For what She was, She best may find in you!
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But, Phoenix-like, to make her live anew!

Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke.

*A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS,
THENOT AND PIERS,*

IN PRAISE OF ASTREA [QUEEN ELIZABETH].

THENOT. I SING divine ASTREA's praise!
O, Muses! help my wits to raise;
And heave my verses higher!

PIERS. Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell!
Which, much I doubt, thou canst not well;
Thou art so oft a liar!

THENOT. If, in my Song, no more I show
Than heaven, and earth, and seá, do know;
Then truly I have spoken!

PIERS. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no less, the like, the same;
Else laws of truth be broken!

THENOT. Then say, She is so good, so fair,
With all the earth She may compare!
Not MOMUS' self denying.

PIERS. *Compare* may think, where likeness holds;
Nought like to her the earth enfolds!
I looked to find you lying!

Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke.

THENOT. ASTREA sees with Wisdom's sight,
ASTREA works by Virtue's might;
And jointly both do stay in her!

PIERS. Nay! take from them her hand, her mind,
The one is lame! the other, blind!
Shall still your lying stain her?

THENOT. Soon as ASTREA shows her face,
Straight every ill avoids the place,
And every good aboundeth!

PIERS. Nay, long before her face doth show,
The last doth come; the first doth go!
How loud this lie resoundeth!

THENOT. ASTREA is our chiefest joy!
Our chiefest guard against annoy!
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure!

PIERS. Where *chiefest* are, there others be!
To us, none else, but only She!
When wilt thou speak in measure?

THENOT. ASTREA may be justly said,
'A field in flowery robe arrayed,
In season freshly springing.'

PIERS. That Spring endures but shortest time!
This, never leaves ASTREA's clime!
Thou liest, instead of singing!

Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke.

THENOT. As heavenly light, that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each lovely ray
That from **ASTREA** flieth!

PIERS. Nay, darkness oft that light enclouds;
ASTREA's beams no darkness shrouds!
How loudly **THENOT** lieth!

THENOT. **ASTREA** rightly term I may
A manly palm! a maiden bay!
Her verdure never dying!

PIERS. Palm oft is crookèd, bay is low;
She still upright, still high, doth grow!
Good **THENOT**, leave thy lying!

THENOT. Then, **PIERS**! of friendship, tell me, Why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her?

PIERS. Words from conceit do only rise;
Above conceit, her honour flies!
But silence, nought can praise her!

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

FACTION, that ever dwells in Court where wit excels,
Hath set defiance! [born
FORTUNE and LOVE have sworn, That they were never
Of one alliance!

CUPID, which doth aspire to be God of desire,
Swears, 'He gives laws!
That where his arrows hit, some joy, some sorrow, it;
FORTUNE, no cause!'

FORTUNE swears, 'Weakest hearts, the books of CUPID's
Turned with her Wheel, [arts,
Senseless themselves shall prove! Venture hath place
Ask them that feel!' [in love!

This discord it begot atheists that honour not.
Nature thought good
FORTUNE should ever dwell in Court, where wits excel:
LOVE keep the wood!

So to the wood went I, with LOVE to live and die.
FORTUNE's forlorn!
Experience of my youth made me think humble TRUTH
In deserts born.

My Saint I keep to me, and JOAN herself is she.
JOAN fair and true!
She that doth only move Passions of love with LOVE.
FORTUNE, Adieu!

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

THE lively lark stretched forth her wing,
The messenger of Morning bright,
And with her cheerful voice did sing
The Day's approach; discharging Night;
When that AURORA, blushing red,
Descried the guilt of THETIS' bed.

I went abroad to take the air;
And, in the meads, I met a Knight
Clad in carnation colour fair.
I did salute this gentle wight.
Of him, I did his name inquire;
He sighed, and said, 'It was DESIRE.'

7 DESIRE I did desire to stay;
And while with him I cravèd talk,
The courteous Knight said me no 'Nay':
PIL His hand in hand with me did walk.
Then of DESIRE, I asked again,
What thing did please? and what did pain?

He smiled and thus he answered then,
That I can have no greater pain
Than to see another man,
Whom I desire to obtain:
For there can be no pain
Than to see others miss.'

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

COME hither, Shepherd Swain !

Sir! what do you require?

I pray thee, shew to me thy name?

My name is fond DESIRE.

When wert thou born, DESIRE?

In pomp and pride of May.

By whom, sweet boy! wert thou begot?

By fond CONCEIT, men say.

Tell me, who was thy Nurse?

Fresh Youth in sugared joy.

What was thy meat and daily food?

Sad sighs, with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?

Unsavoury Lovers' tears.

What cradle wert thou rockèd in?

In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep?

Sweet speech! which likes me best.

Tell me, Where is thy dwelling-place?

In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?

To gaze on Beauty still.

Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?

Disdain of my good will.

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

Doth company displease ?

Yes, surely, many one.

Where doth DESIRE delight to live ?

He loves to live alone.

Doth either time, or age,

Bring him unto decay ?

No! No! DESIRE both lives, and dies

A thousand times a day!

Then, fond DESIRE ! farewell !

Thou art not mate for me !

I should be loth, methinks, to dwell

With such a one as thee !

IF Women could be fair and never fond,

Or that their beauty might continue still ;

I would not marvel though they made Men bond,

By service long, to purchase their good will :

But when I see how frail these creatures are ;

I laugh, that men forget themselves so far !

To mark what choice they make, and how they change !

How leaving best, the worst they choose out still !

And how, like haggards wild, about they range,

Scorning after Reason to follow Will ;

Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist ;

And let them fly, fair fools ! which way they list !

Earl of Oxford and Sidney.

Yet, for our sport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time, when nothing else can please;
And train them on to yield, by subtle oath,
The sweet content that gives such humour ease.
And then we say, when we their follies try,
‘To play with fools; O, what a fool was I!’

WERE I a King, I might command content!
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares!
And were I dead; no thoughts should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears!
A doubtful choice for me, of three things, one to
A Kingdom! or a Cottage! or a Grave! [crave!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

AN ANSWER.

WERT thou a King, yet not command content;
Since empire none, thy mind could yet suffice!
Wert thou obscure! still cares would thee torment!
But wert thou dead; all care and sorrow dies!
An easy choice, of three things, one to crave!
No Kingdom, nor a Cottage; but a Grave!

FROM Cytheron, the warlike Boy has fled,
And smiling sits upon a Virgin's lap;
Thereby to train poor misers to the trap,
Whom BEAUTY draws with fancy to be fed :
And when desire with eager looks is led,
Then, from her eyes
The arrow flies,
Feathered with flame, armed with a golden head !

There, careless thoughts are freed of that flame,
Wherewith her thralls are scorched to the heart !
If LOVE would so, would God ! th' enchanting dart
Might once return and burn from whence it came !
Not to deface, of BEAUTY's work the frame ;
But, by rebound,
It might be found
What secret smart I suffer by the same !

If LOVE be just ; lo ! just is my desire !
And if unjust, why is he called a God ?
O, God ! O, just ! reserve thy rod
To chasten those that from thy laws retire !
But choose aright, good LOVE ! I thee desire
The golden head ;
Not that of lead !
Her heart is frost ; and must dissolve by fire !

THE END OF THE SPENSER ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

Many of these Poems became immediately popular; and appeared in other contemporary editions than those here quoted, often with great variations in the texts.

All the Works herein quoted, were published in London; unless otherwise stated.

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to go on

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uge.
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rchonis, 170, hedgehogs.
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he Idle Lake, 2.
ione, 150, done.
mpeach, 6, 34, hinder, im-
pede.
mpierce, 14, pierce.
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tion, Preface.
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ngoes, 3, ingots.
nstrument, 76, one used as
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headresses.
Kesar [= Kaiser], 3, 95, Em-
peror.
Knap! 52, a nonce word.
Knichtis, 170, knights.
Knuckles knobbed,
bunched.

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Nymphs.
Laist, 73, last.

Lampis, 170, gallops.
Lash out, 124, spend reck-
lessly.
Lat, 195, hindrance.
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Petrarch), 284.
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Leams, 79, gleams.
Leech, 234, physician.
Leir, 172, learn.
Len, 172, lend.
Lightly, 4, quickly, nimbly.
Lin, 92, cease.
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Loiterer, L. (N. Udall), 48.
Lou, 169, flame.
To lout, 28, stoop, crouch,
bow.
LOVE = CUPID.
Love (E. Spenser), 32, 33.
Love, the affection between
individuals of the opposite
sexes that are capable of
intermarriage.
In love.
My Love, the Lady, or
Gentleman, I love.
My love, the love I have for
that person.
Lover, a man who loves a
woman. Also called. Ser-
vant, True Love.
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Mene, 71, mean.
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Merrygreeke [= merry grig
(*cricket*)], M. (N. Udall),
48-50.
Mesprise [= misprize], 14,
alight, disparagement.
In secret mew, 8, hiding-place.
A minion Wife, 50, dainty,
fine.
Mirk, 194, dark.
Miscreated mould, 14, mon-
strous shape.
Mistress, always, in this
Series, in a good sense; with
its many equivalents, such
as, sweet Heart! dear Joy!
Saint! dearest Shepherding!
sweet Shepherding! Sove-
reign! fair Sweet! pretty
Sweeting! sweet Virgin! &c.,
&c.
Mo, moe, 28, 29, 73, &c., more.
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He molleth, 65, drudges,
labours.
Molt, 96, melted.
Withouten moniment, 3,
stamped design.
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Nathless, 15, &c., neverthe-
less.
Naught, 26, in no wise.
Nowayis, 194, 195, noways.
Nauplius, 59.
Ne, 6, 7, 9, 11, &c., nor.
Neir, 169-171, near = nearly.
Neverthrive, N. (N. Udall),
49.
Ne wot I, 7, nor know I.
Niceness, 39, fastidiousness.
Nicias, 234.
I nill, 12, I will not.
Niobe, 44.
Notched, 111, notched.
None! 52, printed John in
the unique text at Eton
College.
Noonstead, 78, ~~with~~.

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275-279.

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A rout, 15, a company.

'S, 74, is.

Sackville, Earl of Dorset;

T., 77-96.

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Scipio Africanus; P. C., 91,

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Sconce, 111, top of the head.

Scott, A., 71-73.

Sir Scudamour [= *Escu d'Amour*, the Shield of Love] (E. Spenser), 23-40.

Sen, 195, since.

Sendall bright, 179, a silken material like scarlet.

Sertorius, Q., 60.

Shamefastness (E. Spenser), 37.

Shaw shanks, 30, legs.

Shauls, 169, woods.

She, the emphatic feminine Personal Pronoun, used when the poetical name of the Lady does not occur.

Shent, 210, blamed, reproached.

Shoetanker, 49, a nonce word, to rhyme with *banker*, meaning one who gave shoes.

Makes such a shot, 65, reckoning.

Close shouldering, 16, hard pushing, forcing one's way.

Shright, 81, 90, shrieked.

Shrights, 19, shrieks.

Shrouds, 169, clothes, covers (i. e. by patting forth leaves).

Shrovetide, 128, the three days before Ash Wednesday; especially Shrove Tuesday.

Sicker, 47, certainly, truly.

Sidney, Sir F., 160, 205-223, 285-287, 299.

Silence (E. Spenser), 37.

Singen, 45, sing.

Sireno (Sir F. Sidney, from Montemayor), 221-223.

Sith, 92, since.

Skallia, 169, clears.

Skyis, 169, skies.

To sleuth, 195, waste, idle.

Slow-worms, 244, glow-worms.

Socrates, 17.

Soot, 3, the more solid particles of smoke.

Soot, 45, sweet.

Sorrow (T. Sackville, Earl of Dorset), 79-95.

Soukit, 194, sucked.

Locks sparkled, 288, dishevelled.

Sparta, 60, 232, 233.

Speiris, 171, spears.

Spenser, E., 1-47.

Sperclerd [= sparkled] tress, 93, dishevelled.

To spill, 80, to destroy.

Squired you, 235, escorted.

Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; H., 76, 96.

'Steem, 182, esteem.

Stella [= the poetical name of Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich, and later the Countess of Devonshire. She loved Sir P. Sidney, 215; and it was the error of his life, that he did not ask her to become his Wife: for his *Astrophel and Stella* shows that he loved her to distraction. *Stella*, a Star; *Astrophel*, the Lover of a Star], 205, 208-218.

Stellio (J. Lyly), 199.

Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; J., 135.

Stint, 80, cease.

Stoined, 85, astonished.

Strait [= straight], 81, 94, 95, at once.

Striped she, 118, thrust.

Sueyis, 171, sway aside.

Suordis, 171, swords.

Supping the tears, 96, drinking up.

Susan (N. Breton), 186.

Susanna's foes, 140, the two Elders. See the story in the *Apocrypha*.

Swage, 82, assuage.

Sweith, 84, boiling, babbling matter.

Bare swing, 83, were pre-eminent, in full swing.

Swink, 4, 13, &c., labour.

Sylla, L. C., 92.

Syn, 170, afterwards.

Svrxin, 43, 45, 200, 201.

T', 21, to.

Tak, 71-73, take.

Tantalus, 19, 20.

Tapets [= tapestry], 77, the carpet of the earth.

Targe, 91-93, the Shield of War described.

Target, 118, shield.

Tell, 8, count.

Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, 32.

Temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, 32.

Temple of Venus, 23, 31-40.

Terentia (R. Greene), 263.

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Theseus, 31.

Thesaly, 233, 260.

Thews, 75, manners, qualities.

Thissellcok, 169, male thrush.

Tho, 38, 162, 163, &c., then. Went on three feet, 88, used a walking-stick.

Thoroughly, 19, 34, &c., completely, thoroughly.

'Ticeably, 67, enticingly.

'Tide [= betide], 87, happen.

'Tire, 32, attire.

'Tis, 74, 110, &c., it is.

Titiville, T. (N. Udall), 49.

Titus, 31.

A nut-brown toast, 135, bread, bacon, &c., browned by the heat of the fire.

He told, 3, counted. Tom the Page (N. Breton), 187-191.

Tomkin (T. Tusser), 129.

Tomlin (T. Tusser), 129.

Tower of London, 67, 76.

Trasment, 91.

Trebery, 91, Trebia.

Tried, 12, refined.

Trojans, 18.

Doth she troll, 135, circulate, pass round the table.

Trouing, 172, trusting.

Troy, 59, 92, 93, 165.

Second Troy, 166, London.

I should be trussed, 131, hanged.

Trussed up, 56, tied, or bound up.

Truth (Capt. G. Gascoigne), 132.

Turberville, G., 101, 108-114.

Hie tursis, 170, they toss.

Tusser, T., 124-129.

'Twas, 74, it was.

Twelfth-tide, 128, the last of the twelve days of the Feast of Christmas, January 6, Epiphany.

Tyb (J. Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells), 135.

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<p>Tyburn, 138, where traitors were hanged, near the present Marble Arch, London.</p> <p>Tyndarus, 60, 232.</p> <p>Tyndis, 170, horns, antlers.</p> <p>Tyne, 105, lose.</p> <p>Tyrus, 92, Tyre.</p>	<p>Waist, 73, waste, useless.</p> <p>Wald, 172, 195, would.</p> <p>Wapins, 171, weapons.</p> <p>War, 172, were.</p> <p>Ware, 222, wore.</p> <p>Warrantise, 132, security.</p> <p>Warsill, 172, wrestle.</p> <p>Waster, W. (N. Udall), 48.</p> <p>Watson, T., 158-168.</p> <p>Pleasant weeds, 166, dress.</p> <p>Ween, 11, imagine.</p> <p>Weet (= wit), 5, know.</p> <p>That was to weet [= to wit], 26, that was to know = say.</p> <p>Weildis, 171, wield.</p> <p>Her welked face, 79, withered, shrivelled.</p> <p>Weren, 12, were.</p> <p>Whetstone, G., 138-141.</p> <p>Whilere, 82, a short time ago, erewhile.</p> <p>Wight, 171, strong.</p> <p>'Wild oats', 127, a madcap lavish life.</p> <p>Will, our Justice (Capt. G. Gascoigne), 130.</p> <p>William I, King, 76.</p> <p>Wirdis, 73, words.</p> <p>He wist, 12, knew.</p> <p>Let no wit, 172, do not make.</p> <p>Withouten, 3, 28, without.</p> <p>Womanhood (E. Spenser), 37-39.</p> <p>Won, 8, dwelling.</p> <p>Woneth, 16, dwelleth.</p> <p>Woodstock, 67, near Oxford.</p> <p>Worldlings, 4, persons only living for this life.</p>	<p>Wot, 7, 17, knew.</p> <p>Wun, 82, dwelling.</p>
<p>Udall, N., 48-52.</p> <p>Uneath, 34, with difficulty.</p> <p>Upside down, 3, upside down.</p> <p>Usance, 4, use, employment.</p> <p>Utter Gate, 26, outer.</p>		<p>Xerxes, 92.</p>
<p>Vaikis, 170, watches.</p> <p>Vere, Earl of Oxford; E. de, 295-299.</p> <p>Vha, 170, who.</p> <p>Vhair, 170, where.</p> <p>Vhill, 171, until.</p>		<p>Ybared, 77, bared.</p> <p>Yblent, 2, 47.</p> <p>Ybound, 86, 91, bound.</p> <p>Ybuilt, 25, built.</p> <p>Yclad, 43, 90, clad.</p> <p>Ydilteth, 195, idleness.</p> <p>Ydrawn, 162, drawn.</p> <p>Yeding, 84, going.</p> <p>Yfere, 44, 95, together.</p> <p>Ylinked, 15, linked.</p> <p>Ymay, 89, may.</p> <p>Yode, 2, went.</p> <p>Yplight, 17, plighted.</p> <p>Yrun, 86, 88, run.</p> <p>Ytanned, 86, tanned.</p> <p>Ytorn, 41, torn.</p>

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